RAMPARTS

OVEMBER 1964 • 75 CENTS

in this issue

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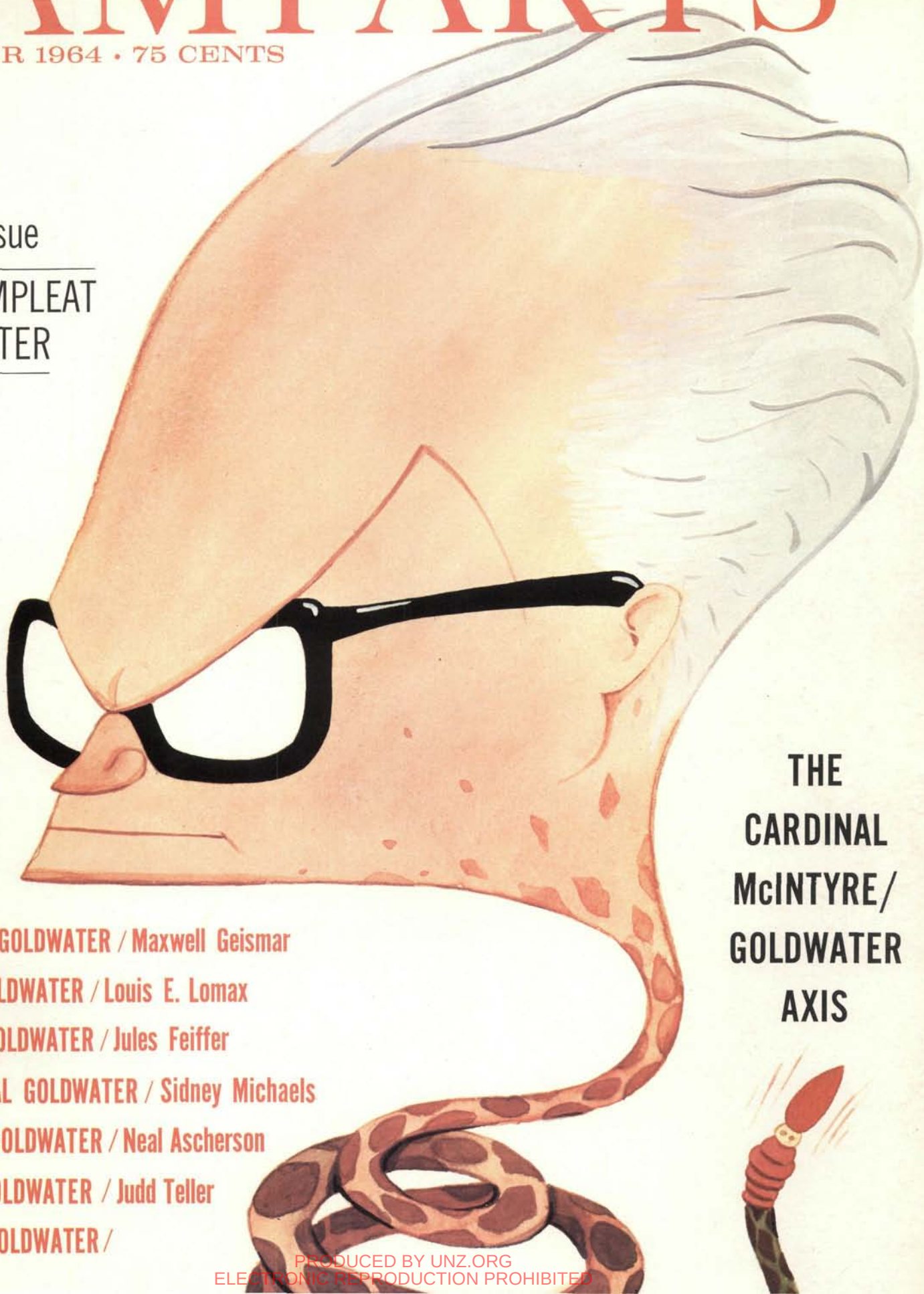

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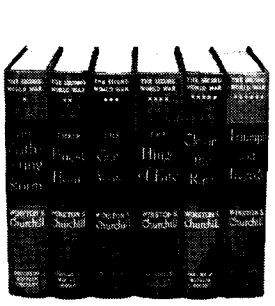

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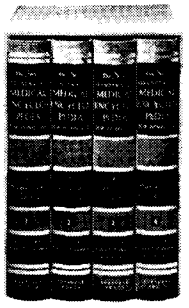

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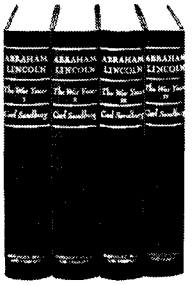

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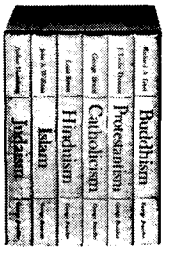

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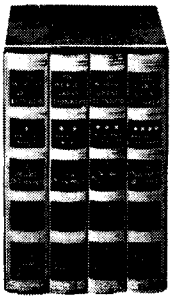

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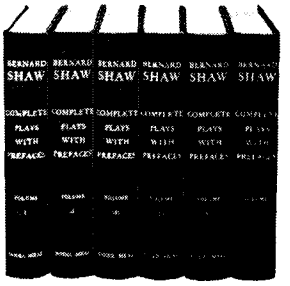

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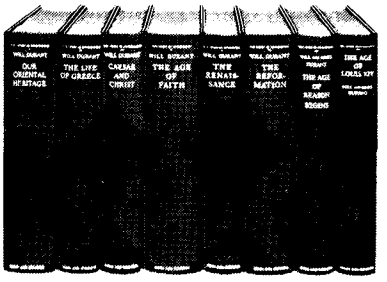

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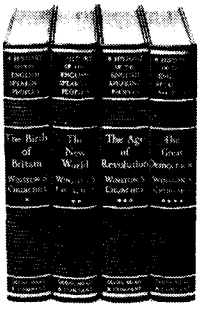

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marginalia

EDITORIAL: On 'Ecclesiam Suam'

After two lusty and invigorating encyclicals by the late Pope John XXIII, the Catholic world—indeed all the world—awaited with great anticipation the first encyclical of the present Pope. From the moment that Cardinal Montini's name was being bruited about as the most logical successor to John there developed an aura of confusion about the man and his thoughts. Apparently possessing a contradictory nature, he gave the impression at the time of his election of being an intermingling of liberal and conservative elements. And here "liberal" is used to denote a surge forward by the Church to relate itself more directly and efficaciously to the problems of the modern world, and "conservative" is used to denote a turning to the ways and attitudes of the past which emphasize the Church's defensive and imperiled position in the secular world.

Pope Paul raised liberal hopes as well as conservative eyebrows with his opening address to the second session of the Vatican Council. Many liberals thought at last that the day had been won and that all of the anachronistic tendencies of the Church were a thing of the past. But then somehow, and in an almost mysterious way, something happened. For some inexplicable reason the chapters on religious liberty and the Jews were not brought to a vote at the second session, although all evidence indicates that there was no serious reason for withholding them. Indeed many on the scene were convinced that an intentional stall was taking place.

Where was Pope Paul in all of this? The answer is implicit in his first encyclical **Ecclesiam Suam,** which will prove to be the despair of those who truly believe in **aggiornamento,** while at the same time allowing men like Cardinal Ottaviani to sleep, untroubled by dreams.

After one has read Pope John's **Pacem in Terris** one is utterly unprepared for the return of 16th century mentality that places Christ in the Catholic Church and nowhere

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else. Two words define the postures to be maintained; vigilance on the part of those in authority and docility on the part of those subject to this authority. Pope Paul draws a deep cleavage between the Church with its perfection and the rest of the world with its gross imperfections. One can only be thankful that the Pope did not take it upon himself to use his first encyclical to attempt to set forth doctrine or a particular moral or social teaching. In the prologue he saves us all from the obligation to accept with **docility** his message. He describes the encyclical as "This simple conversational letter of ours," and a moment later adds, "in fact, through this document we wish simply to fulfill our duty of revealing our mind to you in order to impart closer cohesion and deeper joy to that unity and faith and charity which, thank God, binds us together."

Vigilance and docility

Naturally everyone should attend with great seriousness whatever his Pope wishes to say, particularly when he says it at great length and after great deliberation. However, one must have the right of dissent.

". . . the right of dissent"

The encyclical can only be described as triumphalist.

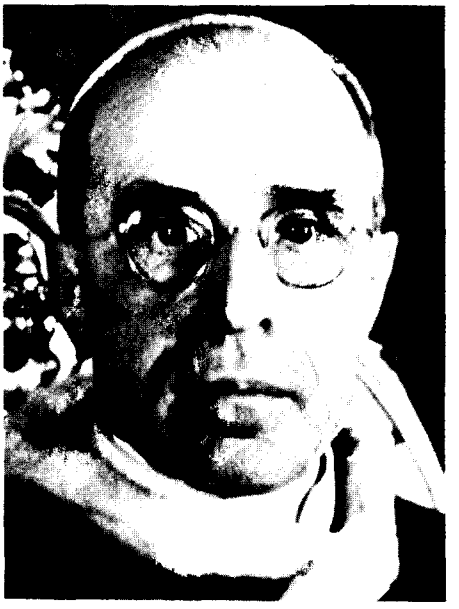
One of the extraordinary things about the document is that it goes to inordinate lengths to prove the speciality of the Roman Catholic Church, which in this age is rather an unnecessary exercise since most Catholics hold with the Pope on this point and the rest of the world simply won't buy it, no matter how well worded the papal brief might be. It is difficult to pick out any one thought to express the tone of triumphalism that is the **rock** on which this encyclical is built, but if one passage can be said to delineate Pope Paul's thinking, it is the following:

> "Oh, it is neither pride nor presumption nor obstinacy nor folly but a luminous certitude and our joyous conviction that we are indeed living members of the Body of Christ, that we are the authentic heirs of the Gospel of Christ, those who truly continue the work of the Apostles. There dwells in us the great inheritance of truth and morality characterizing the Catholic Church, which today possesses intact the living heritage of the original apostolic tradition."

If one were to read the encyclical in splendid isolation from reality, one would come away convinced of the pristine purity of the Catholic Church and would never suspect for a moment there were such places as Spain or Latin America with all of the attendant abuses and scandals. One would come away ignorant of the fact that the Church in this country has been disastrously derelict in the matter of racial justice and has failed completely to declare itself on the barbarism of nuclear war.

The flaw in the thought behind the encyclical lies in its concentration on the essence, or the essential nature, of the Church and it in no way seems aware of the Church as it exists in time and place. The time would have been better spent in honestly directing everyone's thoughts to setting the Catholic house in order before criticizing our "separated brethren" and all those others outside the gates of Rome.

The popular press, in apparent deference to the high position of the Pope, has made much of the Pope's eagerness to intervene and help resolve conflicts in the world. This is scarcely a novelty; Pope Pius XII, as well as others, have constantly extended their good offices to all warring factions.



Pope Pius XII

This is the age of dialogue and so the Pope in his encyclical talks about a dialogue. But there are dialogues and dialogues, and in the encyclical, Pope Paul uses the one word in two ways. When he talks about a dialogue between the Church and Christ, he means a two way conversation, with both parties talking and listening; in brief there is communion. But, when he talks about dialogue between the Catholic Church and the rest of the world, he actually means that there should be a monologue, with the Catholic Church speaking, on behalf of Christ, to everyone else. What is so dreadful about this monologue is the clear implication that Christ lives solely in the Catholic Church.

In essence, the monologue to the world goes like this: "Listen and accept. Then if you want salvation, submit to Rome." How

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can one reconcile the concept of Pope John's ecumenism with this passage?:

"Obviously we cannot share in these various forms of religion nor can we remain indifferent to the fact that each of them, in its own way, should regard itself as being the equal of any other and should authorize its followers not to seek to discover whether God has revealed the perfect and definitive form, free from all error, in which he wishes to be known, loved and served."

ope says ialogue," e means ologue"

Pope Paul effectively places the world on notice and then closes his remarkable document with a discussion of obedience on the part of those subject to Rome. Again he uses the word dialogue but here as before, as when addressing the non-Catholic world, he again actually means monologue. The monologue "does not do away with the exercise of the virtue of obedience where the right order [is] necessary in all well constructed so-

Pope
ın XXIII

cieties. Above all, the hierarchic constitution of the Church requires that, on the one side, authority should be exercised according to its proper function and that, on the other side, there should be submission." Pope Paul makes it quite obvious that anyone critical of hierarchical rulers is **ipso facto** critical of Christ, which is not exactly fair since criticism is necessary if there is going to be renewal. But if the only criticism allowed is the self-criticism of those in authority, we are in serious danger of authoritarian complacency, to the sacrifice of any hope for renewal. Or put another way, can there ever be free speech in the Catholic Church?

When the Pope talks about papal supremacy in as bald terms as he does, one begins to suspect whether or not he isn't intentionally going out of his way to offend. We all know about papal supremacy and papal infallibility, we all know how the Roman Catholic Church views itself and we all know of the presence of Christ in the Catholic Church — indeed we all had read these things before Pope Paul wrote his encyclical. This sort of defensive rationalization is very old and intimately linked with a past that the world thought had been buried along with the old popes who saw nothing outside of the Vatican confines. Those of us who had anticipated this encyclical had hoped that it would extend the horizons set up by Pope John, but we have been disappointed.

we had read all these things before

It would be easy to end on the note that while John opened the windows, Paul has closed them. But there is a final nagging suspicion that the Pope used the world as a stage on which to play the game of Italian politics. Or could it be that the Pope really means what he says? If he does, then one can anticipate a very short and obedient (docilely obedient) third session of the Vatican Council. There will be no fourth session even if there is great work yet to be done.

PORTRAIT: Angus Wilson's Countryside

By Kay Dick

London.

Angus Wilson at 51 has achieved a personal serenity far from the restless, slightly nervy personality he was when he was fashionable. That was in 1949, when he was in his mid-30's, had just published **The Wrong Set,** and was being touted as a Bright Young Man by Cyril Connolly. Angus was jittery then. His hands were jerky, his voice high-pitched, and he chain-smoked his way over the circuitous cocktail party trails of London literary life.

He has quit smoking now. His hands are quieter, at peace with the rest of his body. His voice still hints of a shrill note, but it exudes confidence, and a sense of well-being. His eyes are the blue of a Wedgewood dye; he looks directly at you when he shakes hands.

Wilson had the beginning handicap of becoming eminently fashionable, over-talked about, even before the publication of his first book, **The Wrong Set,** because some of those stories appeared first in Connolly's **Horizon,** and that in itself was an introduction to fashion, if not always to fame. And Wilson had had a breakdown, which was very in, and that helped, too. But unlike many of his contemporaries, Wilson has survived this flash

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of fashionability. He is no longer "Connolly's latest discovery," but the author of a solid and respectable body of work produced with a remarkable tenacity over the past fifteen years: three volumes of short stories, four novels, a scrapbook of the 20's, a critique of Zola (first-rate), a play, essays and television scripts, and countless book reviews. It has even been rumoured that Angus Wilson's name was on one of the scratch lists for the Nobel Prize for literature.

I drove up to Suffolk to visit Angus

Several weekends back I drove up to Suffolk to visit Angus at his house, which is hidden away from the general traffic near the shapeless farming village of Bradfield St. George. His home is sturdy and solid, so typical of this part of the English countryside, and it has become very important to him. For one thing, it represents stability which he never experienced in his younger life. For another it has enabled him to work out within himself the clash of opposites, the eternal ramifications of Dionysus and Apollo, with which every man must come to grips in one way or the other. For Angus, the explanation came in his garden, a formal yet wild garden comforting the house, the garden itself protected by a wood, a garden that Wilson has made, plotted and packed with sweet smelling shrubs, and a variety of trees and flowers. It is so meaningful a personal symbol that Wilson titled the small volume of lectures he delivered at the University of California in 1960, lectures filled with preliminary sketches for the autobiography he plans to write eventually, **The Wild Garden.**

Angus Wilson

"One of the great polarities in my life has been between progress and a love of the past, between living in a city, living in the country, between intuition and intellect and so on, and the idea of a solution has always fascinated me. So I've made for myself a purely symbolic solution which I know perfectly well won't work, that is to say, the idea of the Wild Garden, the garden that is not a garden but is wild, the wild that is not wild but is a garden. The idea is that you can make something which is completely natural and entirely civilized, and this garden is in a sort of sense an attempt at that."

". . . the garden that is not a garden but is wild . . ."

We were sitting in a large room filled with books. A startling variety of gorgeously plumed stuffed birds were perched haphazardly in the corners. Angus poured tea and talked about his breakdown.

It came when he was working for the Foreign Office during the Second World War. He had been seconded there from his position as Deputy to the Superintendent of the Reading Room in the British Museum, and was little prepared for the high-pressure internal politics of the War Office. "My crisis then," he wrote in **The Wild Garden,** "was that of a man of thirty-three years old, whose emotional, **ad hoc** plan of living had broken down. I had found myself in a highly organized, competitive assertive community in my war work (many of my colleagues were business men or tough-minded dons disguised in service uniform). In this rat race my tactics proved unavailing; that I believed my motives to be humane and liberal aggravated my disappointment at my failure."

He took himself to the countryside for recovery. "I had for the first time to cope with solitude and self-knowledge—and these with that intensity of emotion, both joyous and melancholy, that country surroundings bring to those who have lived most of their lives in town."

His psychotherapist suggested writing

His psychotherapist suggested writing. Angus became a "Sunday" author, turning out one short story every weekend, and the therapy that was initially notes and private personalia ultimately turned into a furious procession of prose and eventually novels: **Hemlock and After,** 1952; **Anglo-Saxon Attitudes,** 1956; **The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot,** 1958; and **The Old Men at the Zoo,** 1961. Angus considers his novels based on impulses "from a momentary unified vision of life."

His characters are, generally, the strays of the world—unrealized people who have failed at life, and people of whom it could also be said that somewhere along the line, life has failed them. Wilson likes to point out — without any due stress — that as his characters, but for the grace of God go all of us. He is brutal about his people's weaknesses, yet treats their human frailties with compassion.

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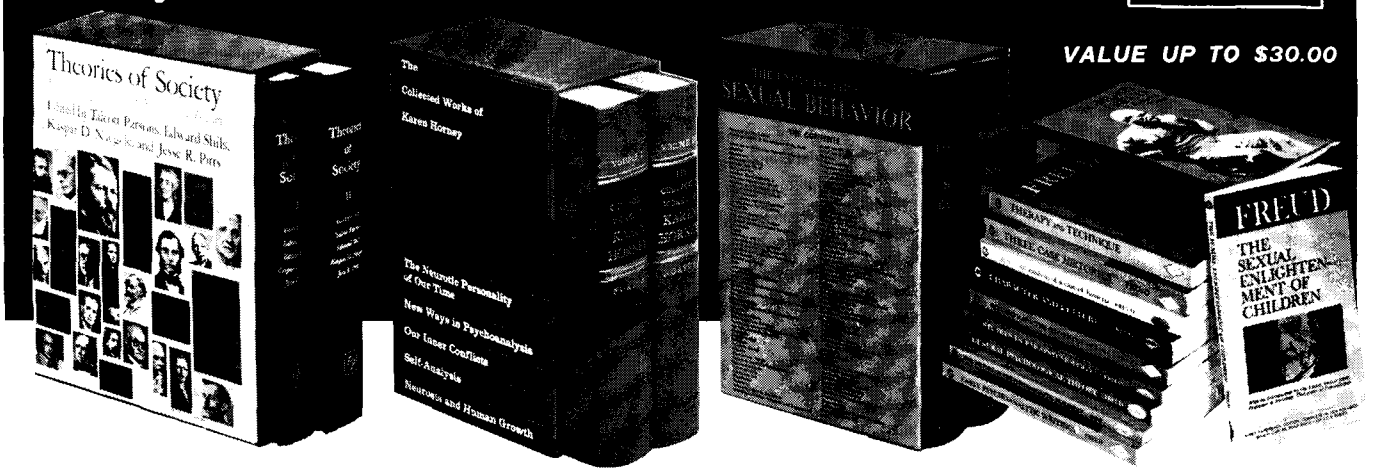

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Kay Dick, interviewer and author

His parents were the same sort of failures. "When I knew them they were unhappy, broken-down people," he said. His father was of Scottish ancestry and sensual, his mother from South Africa and Puritan. They "belonged to the kind of hotel-drifting middle-class, the sort of middle-class that was easily dispensable when the Welfare State began." His parents, Angus said, "wouldn't have liked" his novels.

An agnostic, Angus is "terribly interested" in religion. His mother was a Christian Scientist, but three of his five brothers were converts to Catholicism. Angus almost joined them. "I was about 16 and my brothers were anxious that I should become a Catholic, and I remember talking to a Father Martingdale, and he said I should think about it, 'You're young, leave it and think about it later.' So I left it and thought a lot about it — and I'm not one."

. . . the class lines of church-going

He is as unhappy with the hypocritical state of the churches in America as he is in England — especially the "class" lines of church-going. "When you go to America you notice it so much," he said, pouring a second cup of tea. "You see, religion there — or church-going — is a tremendous status symbol and you'll find that people who'll have gone up the social or economic ladder move to a different district. The children — and they're Baptists let us say — then start nagging for the parents to become Episcopalian because all the community things at that part of the richer district are run by the Episcopalian church and it just isn't done not to be an Episcopalian and so you change your religion with your social form. This is so laughable that one may wonder why one worries, but I just detest it because I have come to the conclusion that about the only thing I really care about, finally, in moral forms — or rather two things — are kindness and honesty, and this is a very good example of dishonesty."

Angus sees himself as "living an individual good life against a great question mark." This seems to him "what was done by all Humanist people that I admire through the last two or three centuries." This is why he considers kindness so important. "If the world is to be a question mark, one must have a lot of kindness towards others, because unkindness, if we don't really know, is absolutely unspeakable."

Wilson's Tocquevillian commentary on America

Angus "loved being in America," and is given to Tocquevillian commentary about his trip there. "There's a certain degree, I think, in which Americans sacrifice truth for the nice thing to believe. It comes up very much in their treatment of children. It may be improving now, I don't know, but with very many nice American families you find that they don't like their children to know about death. And if somebody's dying or is old — I came across people, for example, who had sacrificed, as it seemed to me, their fathers or mothers who were beginning to forget things or to talk too much, or this kind of thing, because it was not nice for the children to have that about. This seems to me absolutely terrible. This is the antithesis of course to Latin families. This is an awful thing in America, this shrinking away from death."

"American values are not complete, and they've been translated into rather silly material ones. So if you have a cynical material view you really can't face the fact of death."

Angus got up from his seat (he has become stouter since his fashionable days) and walked across the room to finger the bright coloured feathers of one of his stuffed birds. He talked about the diversity of his literary output — the so many reviews, television plays, novels and essays.

"I believe—like the French—that a writer ought to be able to see himself as working in different mediums," he said.

'I haven't yet solved what I want to do with the novel!'

"I'm most interested in the novel, but that's chiefly because I haven't yet solved what I want to do in it."

"I have tried in all my novels, in different ways, to write rather different sorts of novels, I don't really think, if I must be perfectly honest, that there is living in England at the moment — with the possible exception of Bill Golding — a really important novelist."

"If that's so, then we have got to keep on trying and moving on — if we were absolutely perfect we could afford to write the same book again and again."

I left him then, so he could wander alone out into his Wild Garden, and plot the more perfect novel.

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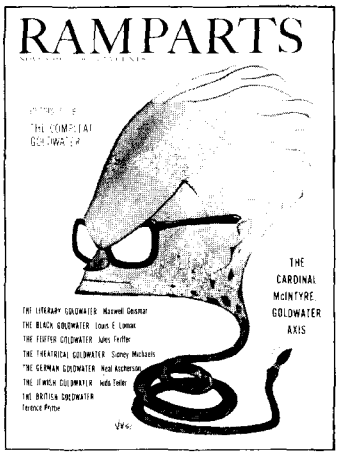
THE VER: Justin Murray rides again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Last month, in a moment of pure vision, Justin Murray saw Barry Goldwater as a rattlesnake.

The sketch on our cover resulted. Murray, an avid naturalist, has a penchant for visualizing public figures as members of the animal, and/or reptile, kingdom. His most famous work, a series called "Birds of Our Time" which ran in LIFE in 1942, pictured the heroes of the early 40's as feathered creatures. Churchill was a penguin, Douglas MacArthur a fighting cock, Mrs. Roosevelt a migratory water fowl; Ghandi a plucked chicken.

Stalin, Murray recalls, was rendered as a vulture. ("But that was before Russia became an ally. After the Germans invaded Russia, people would look at the picture of Stalin and say, 'Oh, there's an eagle.' ")

The "Birds" series, which sold widely as color prints, began with the same flash of insight that Murray exhibited in this month's **Ramparts** cover. "I had fallen heir to a semi-antique shot gun, and took a walk to do a little wing shooting. This was in Marin County, near San Francisco, and I saw a hawk owl. There weren't supposed to be any hawk owls in that part of the country, so I looked at it a little closer — and darned if it didn't look just like Pierre Laval. So I went home and drew Pierre Laval as a hawk owl, and one thing led to another."

Murray, a great caricaturist and oil painter, hadn't touched a drawing pencil in seven years when he took on the cover assignment for **Ramparts.**

He gave up his artistic career seven years ago, when doctors told him he was in danger of going blind, and became, of all things, a jazz drummer.

"I used to drum, but hadn't played in 20 years, and after my eyes went bum I somehow got into a jam session. Ralph Sutton was there, and when he heard me he said, 'Holy Christ, go get your union card and join my band.' And I did."

Justin now has his own jazz combo, and is playing this summer at Siegler Springs resort in the wilds of California's Lake County. His eyes are better, now.

It was in Lake County that he saw Barry Goldwater as a reptile. "I was out in the backyard of my cabin, practicing a little dry fly casting, and there was this snake. It scooted down a hole, and I kind of poked my pole down after it and hit it, and when it came up, dizzy, I grabbed it by the back of the neck. I lifted it up, twisting, its face in front of my face, and I looked at it and I said to myself, Barry Goldwater.

"It couldn't be anyone else. The western rattlesnake. Quick on the draw. To me, that's Goldwater."

Justin, after his long absence from the drawing boards, managed to whip out the **Ramparts** cover in seven days.

"It was really a great thrill, after all these years. My hands shook, I drank more than ever — and got it finished ahead of deadline!"

In addition to the estimable cover rendering by Mr. Murray, the Goldwater symposium in this issue of **Ramparts** features the work of three other illustrators:

Jules Feiffer, the man who made The Village Voice famous, contributes three of his recent panels on Senator Goldwater and his ilk (page 28).

Charles B. Slackman, who created the title piece for the Goldwater symposium (page 11), is a free lance illustrator in New York City whose work has appeared in **Esquire, Holiday, Horizon, Playboy, Scientific American, Show, House and Garden** and others.

Rick Schreiter says he was "just another cartoonist" until last year, when he developed the unique fine line, slightly sick style seen in his "Conscience of a Conservative" (page 19). His stylistic version of **Alice in Wonderland** caused a storm when it appeared in **Esquire** last year, and we hope to see more of Mr. Schreiter's work in **Ramparts.**

The face pictured in the mirror (see photo) is that of Vilem Kriz, the master of the camera who contributes the stunning photographic portfolio in this issue.

Kriz has had exhibitions in Prague, Paris, New York and Rochester, and is permanently represented in many museum photographic collections, including those of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art in New York and the Maison International in Paris.

The photographer is now living in Berkeley, California.

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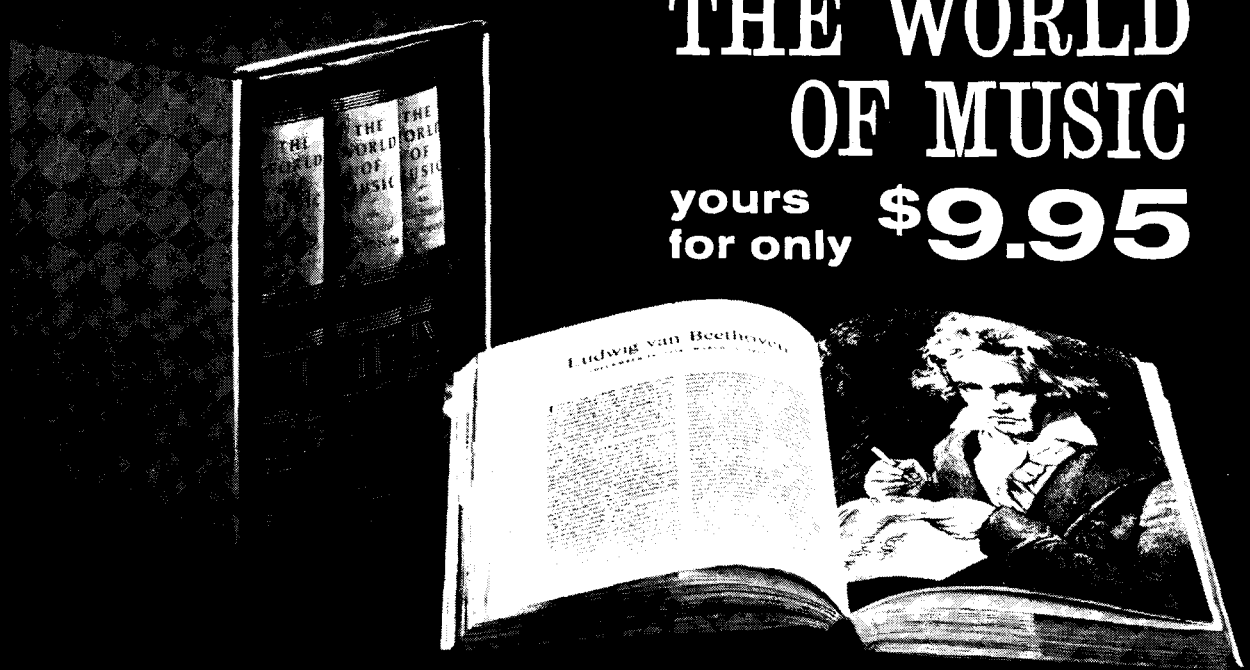

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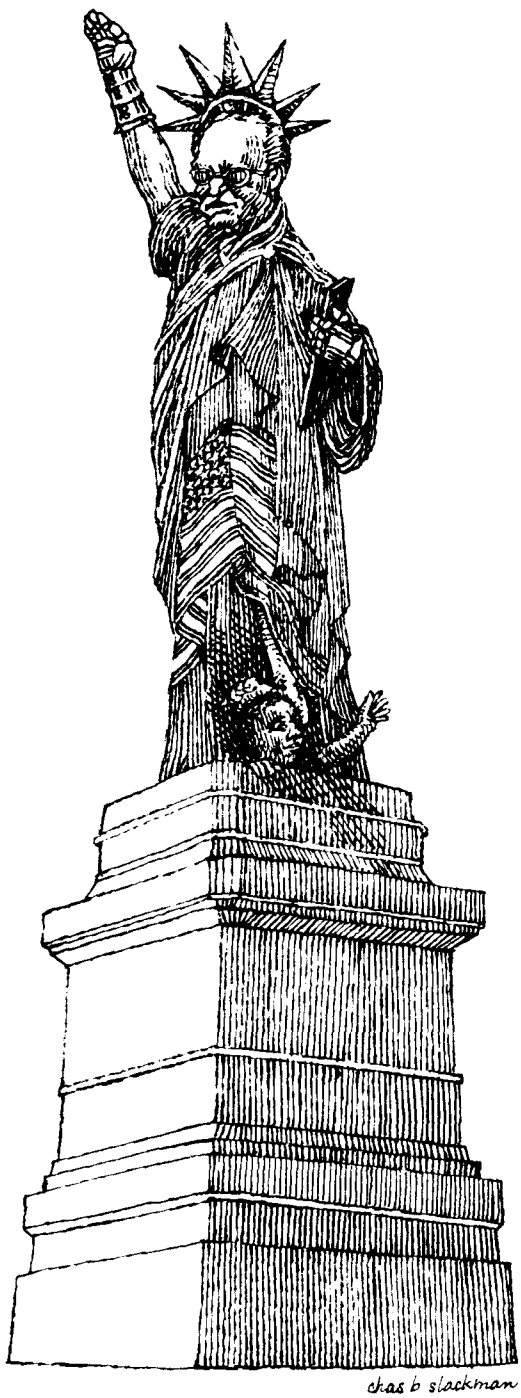

The Compleat Goldwater

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THE LITERARY

I HAVE SPENT the last week reading the literature of Goldwaterism*, and while I am glad I had the opportunity for this experience, I must admit it has been depressing. Horrifying might be a better word; chilling and also terrifying; I am speaking soberly here after some reflection and meditation about this new, and yet perhaps inevitable, phenomenon on the American political scene. Despite the full coverage of the Cow Palace convention in the news media, I have seen nothing which accurately reports what these books are really saying, or which labels them for what they are, perhaps because we instinctively tend to moderate and compromise the unknown into the familiar and that which shocks our consciousness into that which soothes our spirit. What Senator Goldwater is proposing for both our internal economy and our foreign policy has been "unknown," or recessive since the days of the New Deal – for the last thirty years – and what he proposes for our future national conduct is not only shocking, but dangerous and destructive.

I have been told from several sources that the Senator is highly personable, handsome, charming, decent and honest, an impeccable western-type, a "good millionaire" in the nostalgic Henry Jamesian sense of our pre-industrial epoch of small-town America – but there is nothing in these books to support that contention. The author of *The Conscience Of A Conservative* and *Why Not Victory?* is an inhuman egotist. In his first phase, he is often absurd and ridiculous, which has a slight tinge of humanity at least; but in his second book and second phase – in his program for a "victory" in world history at the probable cost of universal annihilation, he is a Doctor Strangelove incarnate, he is possessed, paranoidal, utterly evil, and close to suicidal. Is *that* the face of our smiling western American millionaire today? To forestall any charge of exaggeration I want to conduct a close textual analysis of what Senator Goldwater says, and I refuse any longer, in that folksy, affectionate democratic American context, to call him "Barry," since I believe he is close to being an out-and-out monster. I want to record here exactly what Senator Goldwater has stated as his own platform for our country – which will not indeed be ours any longer, if this platform should become fact.

AS A MINOR consideration, *The Conscience Of A Conservative* was published by the Victor Publishing Company (unknown to me) in 1960, and reprinted by "Hillman Books," a relatively obscure paperback house, in the same year. My edition, in 1961, is the 14th printing; the book has now sold over a million copies, and its sequel, two years later, has advanced to the respectability of a McGraw-Hill hardcover edition. But to business: Senator Goldwater states directly his belief that "America is fundamentally a Conservative nation," and our young people yearn, he has discovered, "for a return to Conservative principles." Part of the true Conservative's problem has been an over-sensitivity "to the judgments of those who rule the mass communications media." This is the first of a continuous series of attacks on and innuendoes about our most important newspapers; they are all part of the same plot. *The New York Times*, in particular, has been victimized by the liberal-communist heresy; and in Dr. Strangelove's – I beg your pardon – Senator Goldwater's black and white world of pure virtue and pure evil, liberal is equated with communist; and commentators like Walter Lippman and Senators like Fulbright have all been infected by the same virus; are all part of the same conspiracy to destroy the foundations of the conservative American republic.

This is the spirit of McCarthyism, festering underground for so many years, and now revived and refurbished, adorned with white-collar respectability, but employing the same demonic viciousness beneath a calmer logic, and the same psychological tactics. But Senator Goldwater brings to his aid an underlying fundamentalist religious strain in the American heritage. "The laws of God and of nature have no dateline. The principles on which the Conservative political position is based have been established by a process that has nothing to do with the social, economic and political landscape that changes from decade to decade and from century to century. These principles are derived from the nature of man, and from the truths that God has revealed about His creation." Nothing relative here, nothing concerned with what is ordinarily considered the changing milieu, the environment, the "circumstances," as Zola said, of man's life on earth. But, let me hasten to add, that unchangeable "nature of man" and those "truths" which God has revealed about His creation to Senator Goldwater in person, take on here a new and bizarre dimension in the history of both religion and thought. Never has "man" been so diminished under the pretext of exalting his individuality; and "truth" made so narrow, so frigid, and so corrupted. Nevertheless the Senator has also the

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GOLDWATER

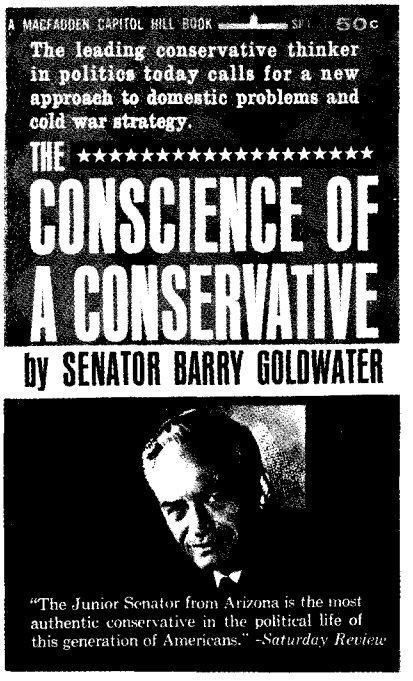
Maxwell Geismar

supreme moral certainty, not to say arrogance, of the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant American small millionaire – or of the spoiled descendant, rather, of this miniscule tradition, who considers himself the heir of all the ages.

"To suggest that the Conservative philosophy is out of date is akin to saying that the Golden Rule, or the Ten Commandments or Aristotle's *Politics* are out of date. The Conservative approach is nothing more or less than an attempt to apply the wisdom and experience and *the revealed truths* of the past to the problems of today." (Italics added.) Now the question here is not whether Aristotle's politics should be classed along with the Ten Commandments, or whether they actually have any validity in the mid-twentieth century, but what meaning they have to a man who could not pass the first year of an ordinary Arizona public school; who had to be pushed and shoved, academically, through a southern military school and who dropped out of college after the first year. And parenthetically, I doubt whether Senator Goldwater actually wrote either of the two books of his singular memoirs. He admits that his office staff and executive assistants finished up his own "first draft" of the first volume; while the second volume, as we'll see, sounds more like a tract from the "Think-Factories" of the Air Force and the Pentagon, of the Rand Corporation or the Hudson Institute – of that area of our new industrial-and-armaments power structure which has been so busily turning out similar volumes of grotesque "philosophy." Senator Goldwater is an ideal show-case for such sentiments; he is a salesman by training and conviction; but never before has he peddled such explosive material. At the very outset of *The Conscience Of A Conservative*, he takes both Richard Nixon and President Eisenhower to task for their concessions to "liberalism."

"It is Conservatism that puts material things in their proper place – that has a structured view of the human being and of human society, in which economics plays only a subsidiary role." Indeed yes, and what duplicity is in this defense of "a structured view" in which the proper place of material things is in the pockets of the rich, while the poor are urged to cultivate their spiritual natures. This is both noble, and, for those who already have made their money, economical. And from these natural laws and fundamental principles and immutable truths, Senator Goldwater proceeds to analyze the decline of the American Republic from the days

MAXWELL GEISMAR, *one of the outstanding American literary critics, is the author of* American Moderns *and* Henry James and the Jacobites. *Mr. Geismar is an associate editor of* RAMPARTS.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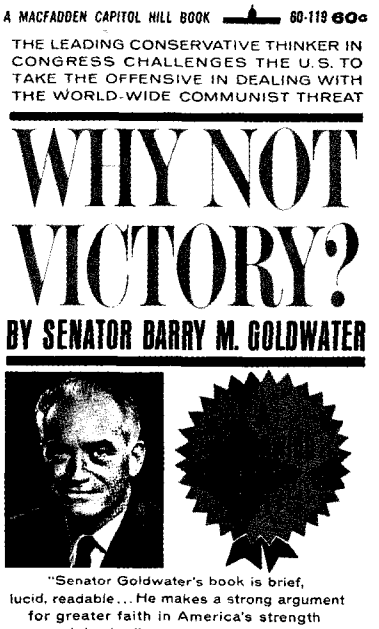
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of the New Deal. (He is not yet satisfied we were meant to be a democracy.) Here he becomes the prophet and figurehead of all those who have never accepted the last thirty-five years, or even the last hundred years, of our national destiny; those who cling to a romanticized and visionary past of America's "Golden Age" – of what was in fact the most corrupt order of our primitive finance capitalism – to the point of being willing to risk all our future existence.

THIS IS THE REAL white backlash to which *The Conscience Of A Conservative* is addressed, while the book is explicitly making its pitch to the ignorant American masses who must somehow be cajoled into swallowing this poison of a "better life" – for their betters. In this process such figures as Dean Acheson and Arthur Larson are lumped together indiscriminately as minor villains in the process of "swinging down the well-traveled road to absolutism." *No* concession to contemporary history, as it exists, can satisfy this visionary and absolutist reactionary who feeds only on his narrow and false interpretation of the American Constitution: an historical document which was presumably, in its own place and time, the most *liberal* expression of man's nature and destiny. What the Senator proves is how history can be perverted by ignorance and malice, and surely the Founding Fathers could never have expected *this* defender of their faith! And just here we get further intimations of the "dark conspiracy" in the national life.

"How did it happen? How did our national government grow from a servant with sharply limited powers into a master with virtually unlimited power?" The Senator's answer is clear: "In part we were swindled," and when he continues this argument it is clear that *as a whole* we have been swindled. "We have taken the bait, preferring to put off to another day the recapture of freedom and the restoration of our constitutional system. We have gone the way of many a democratic society that has lost its freedom by persuading itself that if 'the people' rule, all is well." (He is talking about Federal spending, taxes, social welfare; which are all part of the plot to destroy the old American Republic.) "We can be conquered by bombs or by subversion; but we also can be conquered by neglect – by ignoring the Constitution and disregarding the principles of limited government." Here too the Senator uses the demogogic device of saying alternatively that the U. S. is omnipotent, and the master of the modern world, *and* that it is a stricken giant, already betrayed, diseased and impotent. Social welfare is thus pitted falsely against "human freedom." "I do not undertake to promote welfare, for I propose to extend freedom" – the freedom, as he says, for people to spend their money *now*, rather than reserve a part of it for their old age; since freedom, in the Senator's mercantile mind, is always somehow related to cash. Nevertheless, he sets up the concept of an Ideal, a Platonic "Liberty" – pure, abstract, baseless, immaterial and non-material, transcending the vulgar circumstances of man's culture, society, environment.

This is an extraordinary notion, perhaps permissible only to the scion of a well-heeled provincial department-store oligarchy. And this pristine view of human "liberty" is always accompanied, of course, by the darker implications of subversion and tyranny. "But I am here concerned not so much by the abandonment of States' Rights by the national Democratic Party – an event that occurred some years ago when that party was captured by the Socialist ideologues in and about the labor party – as by the unmistakable tendency of the Republican Party to adopt the same course." *Both* of our two great national political parties have been captured by these "Socialist ideologues" – which is news to me, since I had thought neither one was; and what the Senator is proposing, very simply, is a *new* party, based on these glittering, nostalgic, demagogic principles of an absolute liberty, a chimerical "freedom." (Those moderate Republican Party leaders now planning so cozily to "consolidate" with the Goldwater forces should note this well.)

Again and again *The Conscience Of A Conservative* – and to use the word "conscience" in connection with such sentiments is to degrade our language as well as our heritage – employs the toxic charge of subversion and tyranny. Our true heritage of individual freedom has been destroyed by Big Government, "is fast disappearing under the piling sands of absolutism." All federal programs and federal grants "are a mixture of blackmail and bribery." A more direct "method of coercion is for the federal government to *threaten* to move in . . ." And those conspiratorial federal planning boards, "deep in the caverns of one of the federal agencies," represent a great and perhaps irreparable loss "not only in wealth, but in priceless liberty." And here again this inspired and exuberant Senator manages to combine not only freedom and cash – for those who already have it – but that pure and "priceless freedom" not to be measured by cash – for those who don't have it.

Similarly, the whole Civil Rights issue today is conjured away by the slippery and evasive rhetoric of this self-made merchant who inherited a comfortable family fortune. The Senator takes pride in his career of salesmanship, though it has been suggested that his most creative *tour de force* in this area was the promotion of "antsie-panties" for men; while, like many trigger-happy proponents of military might, his career in the Air Force included no combat service. From all the biographical material I have read, Senator Goldwater is, God save the Democracy, a typical rich western playboy, now infused with a messianic complex to restore the vanished Republic. For the whole Civil Rights issue rests on an "imagined conflict." And: "I say an imagined conflict because I deny that there

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can be a conflict between States' Rights, properly defined – and civil rights, properly defined." The Tenth Amendment defines the issue succinctly: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution . . . are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." But the "people," to the Senator, just doesn't include the *colored* people of the Southern states, who may be interested to learn that their cruel subjugation is merely a matter of proper definition. "For the federal Constitution does *not* require the States to maintain racially mixed schools. Despite the recent holding of the Supreme Court, I am firmly convinced – not only that integrated schools are not required – but that the Constitution does not permit any interference whatsoever by the federal government in the field of education." Thus the man who could barely get through high-school and military prep-school, who never finished college, has become an authority not only on the race issue but on education in general. And thus the Supreme Court is added to the long list of *internal* and subversive forces which have undermined our pristine American way of life.

Now this is not the place to consider the arguments of Abolitionist friends that the American Constitution was a hypocritical document because it affirmed the freedom and equality of all men *except* the slaves to whom it referred in euphemistic language. It is enough to deal with Senator Goldwater's narrow, grim reactionary view of this historical document which we can still describe as one of the great, emancipating manifestos of the bourgeois revolution. That is the point, of course, in the longer historical perspective of our period. The middle-class revolution of the middle and late 18th century has served its time and place, very honorably in many instances, in history's plan; it must now move over for – it must now accommodate itself *to* – the developing proletarian revolution of Asia and Africa (Russia is the link) – or destroy itself and as much of the world as it can. That is the real historical situation – or impasse – which creates such gruesome figures as a Senator Goldwater who, feeling all the symptoms of this historical upheaval, create a wholly false and monstrous rationale of the situation; or who, intuitively realizing that *their* world is slipping away, can imagine no other possible world, no other possible future, for mankind as a whole. We had the same kind of lurid, apocalyptic and fearsome denunciation of the French Revolution in its own time: a revolution whose fruits and achievements we have been living on for the last 150 years, and whose inflammatory and magnificent ideology helped to shape the birth of the American Republic.

NOR AM I GOING to continue here with the second half of *The Conscience Of A Conservative*, which is mainly a repetitious application of the Senator's small list of "eternal principles," "laws," and immutable documents to all the complex, varied, de-

"... the man who could barely get through high school ..."

veloping problems of 20th century American civilization. But this narrow, rigid, mechanical listing of arbitrary and "eternal truths" – while it contains no validity as thought or historical analysis or philosophy or whatever else you like – is the essence of messianic propaganda. It is not to be underestimated in the political scene today. The Senator's appeal, as his executive assistant and campaign manager, Stephen Shadegg tells us frankly in his "biography" of Goldwater, *Freedom Is His Flight Plan*, is to the "uncommitted" ten to fifteen per cent of the electorate, those who decide on their vote in the last few days of the campaign, those who have no real interest in "politics," who don't read the newspapers, who have no real concern about political issues, and who vote by intuition or for "personalities." This group constitutes the so-called "swing vote," beyond the list of regular party voters, and beyond the group which already has dedicated itself fanatically to the Goldwater cause. Mr. Shadegg is very proud of this campaign technique as it was used in Arizona, which thus makes a crucial element in the election of precisely that group of voters who care least about the national destiny.

As to the dedicated and fanatical Goldwaterites who seized control of the Republican Party at the Cow Palace, I suspect they are mainly of the lower middle-class, now including elements of the more prosperous working-class, backed by the new money, oil, munitions, armaments, of the South and Southwest. There is plenty of big money here, most of it ironically created or subsidized by the government, which wants its fling at power and for which the Goldwater "philosophy" is a natural shield. I suspect that the voting and manipulating groups in this Goldwater drive also belong to the elements in our population who can be best described as the "psychologically deprived," or the psycho-underprivileged – those who, while comfortably enough situated, blame all their inner frustrations, defeats and disappointments, that is, in not being *more* successful, upon some outer system, or plot, or conspiracy, not of their making. For this group, and I have met them, Goldwater's simple, "logical," easy, even mechanical "solutions" to all our complex modern problems – including now primarily the race problem – must seem like a miraculous panacea for their own fears, anxieties and prejudices. And among this number

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of psychic malcontents, I would include Senator Goldwater himself; it is because he *believes* so completely in his own threadbare but ironclad philosophy, that they can believe in him.

But do they, and can they, believe in the second volume of his political philosophy, *Why Not Victory?* – which is simply a blueprint for national suicide? That is the crucial point, and I tend to think – in the depths of their inner frustration which ultimately can lead to a species of death-wish – that they do. That is what is so appalling about this little paperback volume, which will presumably sell another million copies, and which has had such favorable and genial reviews in our most respectable news media. I quote the New York *Herald-Tribune:* "Senator Goldwater's book is brief, lucid, readable. . . . He makes a strong argument for greater faith in America's strength and destiny." (But what argument, what faith, what destiny, is not specified.) I quote *The New York Times:* "The Goldwater phenomenon goes on . . . (and) . . . publication of this new volume will do nothing to dampen the excitement. It speaks the purest of Goldwaterism, and it does it lucidly, vigorously and not without eloquence." (Equivocal as this may be, there is that word "lucid" again, without reference to what this lucidity is dealing with.) I quote the *Wall Street Journal:* "In a clear-cut style, Senator Goldwater attacks the heart of various world problems, and most of the time his logic is irrefutable." (An irrefutable logic because it is an insane logic, but not apparently to the masters and minions of Wall Street?) I quote finally the *Saturday Review,* and omit the minor paeans of praise from the Western, Southwest and Southern press: "In Goldwater's book, *Why Not Victory?* there is nothing of fanataicism . . . It is a reasoned analysis of the failures of foreign policy under the party that he opposes."

If Goldwaterism represents a minority of spiritual malcontents, it has to a large degree been tolerated – for whatever reasons – and even encouraged by our whole social organism today; there is a little bit of *Barry* in all of us. And if the national press, which Senator Goldwater never hesitates to describe as "liberal-radical-subversive-totalitarian" – talking about logic – had really stood up to this extreme rightest phenomenon, it might never have reached the prominence, and the chance for power, which it now has. Sometimes I think that tolerance, like every other virtue, can be overdone; particularly when it is applied, as in contemporary America, generously to the right, and meagerly to the left. But for contrast to these warm reviews of *Why Not Victory?*, let me quote one more passage from a reputable and exceedingly honest and brave Southern historian, James Silver, in his new book, *Mississippi: The Closed Society* –

> *"In Mississippi the techniques of arousing hopes and fears have long been the source of lucrative rackets and success in politics. An impenetrable rigidity in the face of a deliberately manufactured outside enemy, plus appropriate and pious obeisance to the church, patriotism, and the heritage – a situation in which all can see the demagogue 'stand up and be counted' – has been the surest road to political reward."*

This is a more accurate description of the kind of lucidity, logic, clarity and "reason" which Senator Goldwater employs; and he is surely, on the national scene today, the foremost exponent of the "closed society" in national terms; a society which, in Mississippi, as Mr. Silver has documented solidly, has never hesitated to espouse and use violence in overcoming and obliterating any form of dissent in its own ranks. This also must be considered as a part of the Senator's "irrefutable logic" – the logic of the club, if social ostracism should fail.

DO I EXAGGERATE? This is in effect what *Why Not Victory?* proclaims – underneath, at points, a transparent and cloying veneer of sentimentality. The book is dedicated "To my children, and all the children of the world to whom tomorrow belongs" – the same children, presumably, so the Senator states, who are not harmed by a little bit of extra radioactive fall-out which is incidental to the necessity of continued nuclear testing; and the same "tomorrow" which Goldwater assumes will exist after we have faced up and obliterated Russian communism by nuclear warfare if necessary. But *not* the other non-white "children of the world" in Africa or Asia, say, whom the Senator would condemn to oblivion or continued servitude if they do not choose the American Way immediately – or even to a new form of Western colonialism, in their own future interest, if they show wavering signs of "Neutralism." I tell you that the moral hypocrisy, the blind, fatuous and sanctimonious moral nobility of the closed society – and of the bland prophet of that society – are beyond compare! And this volume is addressed to the "young conservatives" of America who, in increasing numbers, says the Senator, have come to realize the truth of his message. For the "sands of freedom" have kept on dropping slowly through the glass of our natural heritage. Victory has always been our traditional goal in war – "and can anyone doubt that we are at war?"

There still are Americans, the Senator concedes, who do not quite realize that "we have been at war these past sixteen years with an enemy who has never hidden his objective of destroying us and all other people who cherish freedom." (But the "other people" who cherish freedom become fewer and fewer numerically according to this Senator's definition of "freedom.") And in this undeclared or unknown war, the atom bomb and the nuclear bomb are simply the equivalent of the Old West six-gun which was called the "equalizer." What is fantastic, and chilling, all through *Why Not Victory?* is Goldwater's comparison of the revolver with nuclear

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weapons of mass destruction, so that one weapon could, and should, be used as easily as the other. The possibility of *his*, or of his country's destruction, never enters the Senator's mind – or at least his patriotic rhetoric. And we are not in a Cold War (which for the last few years has showed definite signs of abating, to the immense gratitude and relief of humanity at large) but in "a real war." "We can call it the Communist War, war of a more deadly nature than any we have fought before." The clear, inescapable truths about our enemy – as outlined here by a certain Charles Nutter of International House, New Orleans, talking before the English-speaking Union of Kansas City – are known even to those "who still suggest that we can coexist with this philosophy." Thus in the opening pages of *Why Not Victory?* the Senator has doubled the impact of his "conservative" philosophy – if not of his conscience – by simply adding a gigantic, evil *outside* world conspiracy to his former thesis of an insidious internal conspiracy to destroy the Old Republic. A whole new world of haunting nightmares has been conjured up again to terrify and intimidate the American people.

"And yet, we still go about our everyday business, being good neighbors, providing comforts for our families, worshipping God, and stubbornly refusing to admit the enormity of the conspiracy which has been created to destroy us." Again the note of pure – if slightly paranoid – Anglo-Saxon martyrdom; the innocent American people, trusting, good-hearted (and comfortable), decent, god-worshipping – being betrayed and traduced, not only in their internal economy, but by this gigantic world conspiracy working relentlessly to accomplish their destruction. And by their own elected leadership's incapacity to discern or deal with the ominous outside world! And I will admit that Barry Goldwater (or his slick advisers from the Pentagon-Munitions financial complex) is a great spinner of these awesome fantasies from the darkest unconscious of mass fear and mass hysteria. That is his true "lucidity, logic, clarity of reason." Add examples: "The Kremlin's goal is the isolation and capture not of Ghana, for instance, but of the United States." "A few years ago all Africa was a Western preserve . . ." (Add history! Add humanity!) "Latin America was once as 'safe' for the West as Nebraska is for Republicans. Today it is up for grabs. Cuba has become a Soviet bridgehead ninety miles off our coast – a condition we appear powerless to do anything about."

Now this is all true in a way; it is the spectre of this historical development which terrifies the innocent, or ignorant, national psyche today – and which the Senator is shrewdly exploiting. The U. S. is far out of touch with world history – it has been put there by some thirty years of national brainwashing by business, politics and the press. (Goldwater *is* the monstrous child whom they have spawned.) And our national prestige and power alike have suffered from this lack of intellectual comprehension.

"Peace is a worthy object, but..."

BUT INSTEAD of attempting to bridge the gap in the American comprehension of what is going on in the world today – this short-circuit of the national consciousness which could ignite into flames – the Senator is deliberately widening it; through all the clarity and reason and logic for which he is acclaimed he substitutes, for understanding, only the pistol and the bomb. Moreover, peace is possible only *after* the defeat of World Communism. (I am using Goldwater's vocabulary of demonism.) So that no gestures of reconciliation, no conferences, no discussions, no attempts even to establish a breathing space – a living space – with this fanatical enemy are possible. "We must recognize this war as a *war* – not a cold one, but the *Communist War* – and we must win it." And this mad logic leads the Senator to even more fantastic elaborations:

> "*Peace is a worthy objective, but if we must choose between peace and keeping the Communists out of West Berlin, then we must fight. Freedom, in the sense of self-determination, is a worthy objective, but if granting self-determination to the Algerian rebels entails sweeping that area into the Sino-Soviet orbit, then Algerian freedom must be postponed. Justice is a worthy objective, but if justice for Bantus entails driving the government of the Union of South Africa away from the West, then the Bantus must be prepared to carry their identification cards yet a while longer . . .*"

Well, the Algerian rebels were not aware of Senator Goldwater's pronouncements, apparently, and neither, I suspect, are the card-carrying Bantus whom the Senator dismisses here so casually, so complacently, so heartlessly, to the chains of their bondage. What the Senator is really giving a final expression to, in terms of national and international public policy in a turbulent and revolutionary age, is that degrading American middle-class philosophy of *personal* security and comfort at the cost of any moral involvement or commitment; and what he is expressing as a platform for America means only, of course, *white* America. But curiously enough, while he dismisses the consequences of nuclear warfare, he relies, in his stepped-up armaments program, on our Strategic Air Command primarily. (Of course he is a big Air Force man.) He is even a little wistful at the idea of the Russians using their huge nuclear missiles, while we must still be dependent on our "always alert" SAC bombers, which are indeed comparable to the "six-guns" of the old Western frontier.

Naturally, too, every event of the last 15 years must be fitted into this nightmarish pattern of world con-

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spiracy and American impotence. Laos, Cuba, the Hungarian revolt of 1956, the Berlin Wall, Korea, the fall of Syngman Rhee, Viet-Nam, all fit into the same category, while "world opinion" is simply another aspect of communistic manipulation. One of our few successes, according to the Senator, was the crash of the U-2 plane just before the Eisenhower Summit Conference. (And now I almost begin to credit those rumors of the time which suggested this was a deliberate act of sabotage on the part of the Pentagon and/or the CIA – for why else would the Senator be so proud of its consequences?) "Victories will not always come so easily for the West; we may not always be able to avoid shooting. But when a happy event does occur and we are vouchsafed such a triumph, let us recognize what has happened." To which euphoric monomania I can only vouchsafe my own translation of a classic saying: A few more "triumphs" like this, and we shall all be undone.

In any case, it was Khrushchev who made this an "international incident," not us, because we just crashed a reconnaissance plane on Russian territory. As for the Paris Summit Meeting which did not take place: "The only summit meeting that can succeed is one that does not take place." Now, much as in the Senator's first volume on the curious conscience of this peculiar conservative, the last half of *Why Not Victory?* is simply the application of Goldwater's international policy to specific episodes; the rather monotonous rehearsal of those "iron laws"– or should I say, atomic verities? – to show why everything which has happened, should not have happened. The section on Cuba includes a notorious re-writing of our historical relations with that island, and of the Spanish-American War. This is "history" which ignores, or deliberately misinterprets, all of recognized history. And the moral is, of course, another invasion of Cuba to free her from another foreign tyranny. Again the Senator revives the McCarthy libels to alarm and confuse the American spirit. We could act freely in 1898, he says, because: "It was before we had the United Nations providing a forum for anti-American propaganda in our midst. And it was before we had apologists for foreign ideologies and Red-tinted dictators wielding influence on our newspapers and our Department of State."

The World Court is another of these Communist Fronts, while as to Africa, which will naturally turn communist – though curiously enough some of these emerging states have insisted on retaining their own sovereignty – the Senator recommends an "African Protectorate administered by an association of Western nations." And I quote another glittering passage of his prose:

> *"Such a policy would be denounced in many parts of the world as reactionary, chauvinistic, and oppressive. Such recriminations we would have to endure. For there would be no doubt in our minds that the colonial system, even in its present state of development, is better for the African people than the misery and chaos into which they are now plunging headlong... We would hold on to Africa, in part because Western survival there is essential to victory over communism, but no less because we know that the privilege of being born in the West carries with it the responsibility of extending our good fortune to others. We are the bearers of Western civilization, the most noble product of the heart and mind of man."*

So there we are, right back to the White Man's Burden. But if this Senator represents our western "good fortune" and if this is our noble Western civilization – to what depths have we descended? I am suddenly tired of these odious little volumes by and about Senator Goldwater. There has been building up in me, while I have been writing this essay, the same kind of black despair which I experience when reading the literature of the Nazi concentration camps. Senator Goldwater seems to me another such embodiment of evil – if in a milder, more moderate and homelier American guise. Or even folksy. I keep thinking of Sinclair Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here.*

* *the literature of goldwaterism*

The Conscience Of A Conservative. By Barry Goldwater. 127 pp. Hillman Books, N. Y. 1961. (14th printing.) 50 cents.

Why Not Victory? By Senator Barry M. Goldwater. 141 pp. A Macfadden Capitol Hill Book. 1963. 60 cents.

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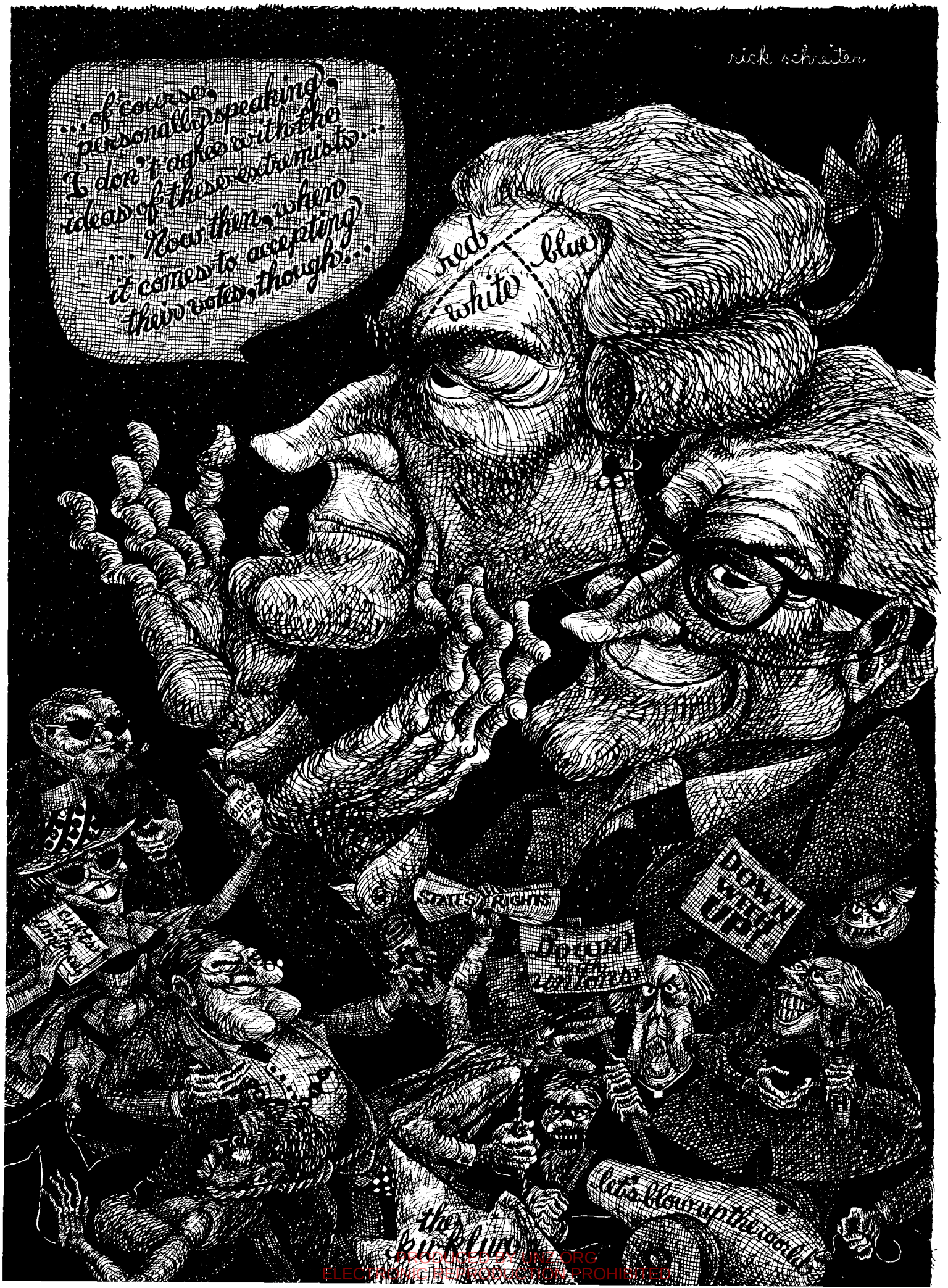
rick schreiter
...of course, personally speaking, I don't agree with the ideas of these extremists... ...Now then, when it comes to accepting their votes, though...
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The British Goldwater

Terence Prittie

THE BRITISH ARE NOTORIOUSLY unwilling to interfere in the affairs of other nations. It was not, therefore, surprising to find the liberal (in British politics, meaning "middle of the road") *Economist* writing on July 18 that the Republican Party's selection of Goldwater as its presidential candidate was "America's own affair." The view of the *Economist* was that, while it did not regard Goldwater as a good choice, nothing should be said or done on the British side to make the prospects of the Anglo-American alliance any worse.

The *Economist* regarded Goldwater's nomination at San Francisco as a misfortune, but hardly a disaster. The paper implied that it would hold precisely the same view if Goldwater became President because, even then, "the need for the Anglo-American alliance will not be one whit diminished." The duty of thinking Englishmen, the *Economist* concluded, was to guard against a swing-back to the sort of glum, head-in-the-sand anti-Americanism to which the British Labour Party was so prone under Clement Atlee's leadership. In the second place, everything possible should be done to discourage an American reversion to isolationism – always remembering that "isolationism is the original sin of all nations, not the special vice of any one nation."

This reasoned article in one of Britain's leading weeklies helped a little to dilute the atmosphere of gloom, tinged with real alarm, which prevailed in Britain after Goldwater's nomination. The British are not often alert to what happens in other people's countries, and there has always been a traditional British tendency to see both sides of the case (it was the main reason for Britain's pre-war policy of appeasement of Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy). But Goldwater's nomination aroused apprehensive, even emotional interest, for a number of reasons. The following were the most important.

Goldwater has said enough to suggest that he is an isolationist, of a far more dynamic and therefore more dangerous kind than, for instance, Taft. The great majority of people in Britain believe in the Atlantic Alliance and accept American leadership of it, although sometimes grumbling about it. The thought of an American withdrawal into a role of highly-armed independence cannot fail to alarm them.

Europe would be left temporarily rudderless. In the longer-term, Europe would fall back on the feeble alternative of union under de Gaulle's leadership. Even if this did not happen quickly, de Gaulle's isolationist theory of a self-contained, ultimately neutral "Little Europe" of the Six would become far more credible than it is to most Europeans today. His dream of grouping the other West Europeans round a Franco-German *entente* would become a reality. That, at any rate, is how Britons see it.

Goldwater, again, has implied that he would forsake the policies of compromise and common sense pursued by a long line of American Presidents. How else should one explain the Goldwaterism which has most affected British public opinion – "Extremism in pursuit of justice is no vice"? Goldwater has more recently sought to explain this cracker-motto by saying that "extreme action" by one man means his killing another – which may be necessary (as in war). But extremism and extreme action are not necessarily the same thing at all. Goldwater seems, in British eyes, to exemplify right-wing radicalism which is inimical to democracy of the Western pattern. This, and not the shot fired in defence of one's country, is what Britons understand by "extremism."

Extremism could well be applied by a President Goldwater in the field of foreign affairs. Joseph Grimond, the leader of the British Liberal Party, believes that Goldwater's nuclear policy could be a major danger to civilization. He might treat nuclear bombs as just one more weapon in the nation's armoury. An-

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other British fear is that Goldwater's extremism might result in the revival, in a more acute form, of John Foster Dulles' theory of a "roll-back" of communism. This could lead to American insistence on a radical solution of nagging east-west problems (South-East Asia, Berlin, and Germany), and possibly to a relaxation of efforts to secure general, controlled disarmament.

IT COULD LEAD to the ending of the present East-West *détente*. There is a tendency in America to regard Britain as a "soft" partner in the Western Alliance, readier than others to accept a bad compromise solution rather than remain firm and resolute. I believe this view is mistaken. Britain, certainly, does not want a bad compromise with the Soviet Union. But she does believe in the possibility of further *détente* because Mr. Khrushchev's insistence on economic weapons is having an effect on the Soviet leadership as well as on the Soviet people and because the Sino-Soviet quarrel is forcing the Soviet Union to adopt a more circumspect attitude towards the West.

What are Goldwater's views on the East-West *détente*? He has delineated himself as the Republican Party's foremost crusader against communism. There is only a handful of Britons who feel anything but dislike, or even loathing, for communism. But the view generally held in Britain is that Soviet communism – based on the nationalism and vigorous patriotism of the Russian people – cannot be "exorcised" by external pressure. It will cease to be a menace to the western world only when economic well-being gives the Russian people a vested interest in peace which cannot be ignored by the Soviet leaders.

The supposition in Britain is that Goldwater is too ignorant and too impatient a man to understand this concept. Nor is he likely to have any regard for its corollary – that the west can only influence the development of the Soviet Union in the (to us) right direction by diplomatic finesse and perseverance. The Rusk policy of persistent diplomatic probing is, to Britons, the right one. And it is right, too, that it should be conducted by the United States, as the leader of the Western Alliance. Nor should it be abandoned if it does not produce quick results. The Russians are notoriously slow to change their views, but they did so over the Austrian State Treaty and they will do so over a major problem again.

Goldwater's attitude to *détente* is only one reason for distrust in Britain for his supposed foreign policies. Recently he was quoted as saying, "World government is certainly not something we should be advocating at the present-time." If this is not a mere cliché, then one must suppose that he views the United Nations with the disdain felt by some Englishmen – chief among them Sir Anthony Eden (now Lord Avon). In spite of its frustrations and occasional futility, the United Nations is an institution in which progressive Britons believe. Their view is that it can only be kept alive by continuous injections of faith, purpose and common sense. Does Goldwater believe this?

There is the additional fear in Britain that Goldwater, as President, would cut the United States foreign aid programme. Although given far too little credit for it abroad, the United States has spent its money wisely, mainly in areas which have had to be bolstered against communism (India, Korea, Viet Nam, Turkey, the United Arab Republic). Will Goldwater seek to win votes by denouncing the waste of good American money on ungrateful and inept foreigners? If he does, this alone would be reason enough for most Britons to pray for a second term at the White House for President Johnson.

Here, then, are some of the reasons for British distrust of Goldwater (I have said nothing about Civil Rights, as I regard them as a strictly American concern). But it should not be thought that there has been a wild wave of anti-Goldwater feeling in Britain since his nomination. The man-in-the-street barely noted the event, and his awareness of Goldwater would date only from the day that he could become President. Moreover, responsible British voices have been raised against condemning Goldwater in advance. In the influential *Financial Times* George Cyriax wrote: "How will Goldwater respond to responsibilities? All the signs are that he would be moulded by them." John Grigg, the *Guardian* columnist, considered that "he is a realist too . . . if elected, he will surprise his critics and disappoint many of his friends."

And Alistair Cooke, the New York correspondent of the *Guardian*, complained that "the European caricature of him is of a fire-eating proto-fascist, an arrogant, gravel-voiced egomaniac." Cooke, evidently, did not share this view.

Britain will judge Goldwater by his deeds if he becomes President. At present he has to be judged by his words. And they are big, blunt words which grate on British ears and do not always make much sense. Is he as unsophisticated as he makes himself out to be? Does he really believe in his own trite, easy answers to problems of infinite complexity? Is he an 18th century individualist who has simply been born in the wrong epoch?

Here are a lot of questions which may be partially answered during the presidential election campaign, but could only be fully answered if Goldwater came to power. But for the present, one reflection is probably dominant in British minds: the office of American President carries vast responsibilities, not just to America but to the whole civilized world. It is an office of such complexity that the task of discharging it seems almost too great for one man. Senator Goldwater, if he practices what he preaches, does not measure up to that task. This, then, is Britain's concern, Britain's fear.

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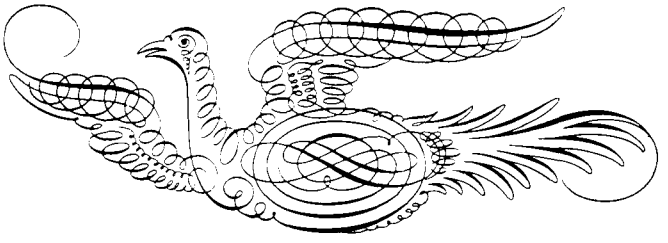

The German Goldwater

Neal Ascherson

THE NOMINATION OF BARRY GOLDWATER struck Germany with stunning and dismaying force. That the reaction here was overwhelmingly one of horror and anxiety cannot be questioned. The Government, though keeping prudently silent upon "American internal matters" in public, is deeply perturbed, seeing in Goldwater's advance not only a major threat to its own laborious underpinning of an Atlantic defence community but also an immense tide of encouragement for its own internal enemies on the right – those who already are dangerously harassing Professor Erhard and Foreign Minister Schroeder for a return to the old, truculent posture towards Eastern Europe, for a favouring of Paris against Washington, and for a move towards national military autonomy which would slide uncontrollably towards Germany's possession of her own nuclear deterrent. The public at large, on what sampling may be made in a few weeks, simply fears that Goldwater will bring about war. One of the parodoxical but very striking results of President Kennedy's assassination was to bring to the surface much latent anti-Americanism: "How can Germany's safety and existence be entrusted to a nation which would let *this* happen to our protector?" This distrust, brewed partly out of shock and partly out of the lees of the usual post-war resentments, has been brought once more to the boil by the events in the Cow Palace. "Goldwater is just a cow-boy," one hears, and "we would be better off under France's wing!"

Yet, when one has recorded this shock, one must also write that to some degree Germany was better prepared for Goldwater's sudden arrival in the centre of affairs than, say, the British. For at least a year, Goldwater and his opinions have been matter for discussion in the press of the far right here, and even before the California primary, he was a figure far from unknown. It suited the book of the far right to present Goldwater as an intimate, one who sympathized with Germany's plight at the hands of leftists and weaklings. Even before his views on foreign policy attained what coherence they have, his internal struggle against "creeping socialism" and his supposed fondness for the John Birch Society earned the interest of the neo-Nazis. Between his announcement of candidature and San Francisco, a surprising and rather suspect flow of letters to the West German press began, in which Goldwater's virtues as a conservative were extolled and his unorthodox views on foreign policy cleverly played down. To what extent this was a using of Goldwater by unscrupulous and intelligent politicians, and to what extent a genuine two-way traffic between men who found each other's ideas sympathetic, is not easy to establish. One is inclined, however, to agree with the

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sober *Handelsblatt* which remarked: "The question remains open, whether the Senator from Arizona realizes what wagons he is being yoked to over here."

Germany's interest in Goldwater, which should be examined before Goldwater's interest in Germany, requires some brief account of the political scene to make it comprehensible. This scene presents one of the slowest, yet most interesting, performance in Europe, the attempt of enlightened men to lead West Germany step by step away from the position of the Cold War's frostiest exponent towards a more flexible kind of dealing both with Russia and with the increasingly uncertain situation within the Western Alliance.

The line-up goes across party divisions. Chancellor Erhard, Foreign Minister Schroeder, a loyal section of the Christian Democrats, the small Free Democrat (Liberal) party and the opposition Social Democrats are in favour of 1) a policy of movement in East-West dealings; 2) better relations with Eastern Europe, tending towards the gradual liquidation of the Hallstein doctrine; 3) resistance to de Gaulle, when he preaches mistrust of the American guarantee, the establishment of national nuclear forces to replace NATO, or the scrapping of the idea of an integrated Europe in favour of a loose alliance and customs union of sovereign states.

Against them stands an ill-mixed agglomeration of political forces, personalities, refugee leagues, and pressure groups of more or less suspect origin. These have been, too broadly perhaps, christened the "Gaullists" of West Germany; their adversaries, the Erhard-Schroeder combination and their allies, are nicknamed the "Atlantikers."

Reading, if not from left to right, from respectable to disreputable, this "opposition" is composed as follows: —

1) The "old guard" of the ruling Christian Democrats, led by ex-chancellor Adenauer, and including many of the men at the levers of the party machine.

2) Franz-Josef Strauss, and the Christian Social Union. Strauss, disgraced and deposed nearly two years ago for his part as Defence Minister in striking at the magazine *Spiegel,* is making a formidable come-back, capitalizing on the mistakes of Dr. Schroeder and appealing for public support both in his admiration for General de Gaulle and over an assortment of internal grievances which can be laid at the Government's door. His party, the CSU, is the Bavarian wing of the Christian Democratic movement, overwhelmingly Catholic and conservative, with a traditional Bavarian admiration for things French.

3) The refugee leagues. These represent the nine million Germans expelled from their homes in 1945, when Silesia, East Prussia, Pomerania and the Sudetenland passed to Poland, Russia, and Czechoslovakia. The league leaders, although their attempt to run a political party (BHE) failed, still use the threat of refugee votes to prevent any German political leader from accepting the Oder-Neisse line, and call for a policy of unrelenting vigilance and stubbornness towards the Eastern bloc.

4) An assortment of extreme-right political groups and newspapers. The groups are not numerous in their following (24,600 this year out of 57 millions, and falling steadily), but the circulation of the extremist right press is rising fast, from 192,000 in 1962 to 223,000 in 1963. The most important of these publications is the *Deutsche National-und Soldaten Zeitung.* In varying degrees, these groups and this press represent the legacy of National Socialism. Their leading personalities turn up frequently in the ranks of the refugee organizations, and not uncommonly in the background of Strauss and the CSU.

THE OBJECT of these "Gaullists" is to wrest Bonn back to the stand of unmoving obstinancy against the East which East Germany took under Adenauer, the policy of "no concessions." They will not contemplate giving up revisionist claims to the lost Eastern lands, and most of them consider the Munich Treaty of 1938, giving the Sudetenland to Germany, still to be valid. They admire de Gaulle's nationalism, and envy his defiance of America. Among them are those who would like Germany to have her own nuclear weapons. They distrust the Taylor-MacNamara strategy of "flexible response," fearing that America might not risk full nuclear war to save German territory from a limited incursion. Though their views on home policy range from *laissez-faire* to the corporate state of Fascism, these considerations of foreign policy hold them in rather fluid alliance.

To the "Atlantikers," Goldwater was a symbol of foreboding. This anxiety broke out in full force in the press of July 17th. The Social-Democrat *Rhein-Ruhr Zeitung* wrote in its editorial: "A democratic party with the honourable tradition of Abraham Lincoln, the Republican Party of America, has nominated as its candidate for the Presidency a screwball fantasist, an arch-conservative feudal reactionary . . . Barry Goldwater represents foreign policies that must lead to war, and internal policies that date from the founding age of capitalism. He is the representative of that intemperate America of *nouveau-riche* Texans, that still believes in the law of the fastest Colt, an America supported by the programme now passed by the Republicans, which stamps its authors as the Chinese of the western world . . . Goldwater is a danger to the world, to peace and to liberty." Dr. Martin Niemöller, leader of the Protestant churches in Hesse and one of Hitler's most prominent victims in the Church, said the nomination had a "fatal similarity with what we saw happen in Germany between 1928 and 1933." He thought that

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Goldwater's advent bore "an un-American and grimly National-Socialist stamp."

The more moderate *Kölner Stadt-Anzeiger* commented the same day: "The wave of rightist extremism has now struck a country in which we hitherto supposed that liberal democratic traditions were so firmly anchored that such collapses into political dementia were impossible. It was always said that Hitler was only possible in Germany. It looks now as if he is thinkable in other places." The Free Democrat party, part of the governing coalition with ministers in the cabinet, proclaimed that the "writing was on the wall for the Atlantic Alliance." The party press service continued: "Race fanaticism and wild anti-Communism seem to be the foundations of the policy which the store millionaire from Phoenix and his backers have underwritten."

Then the Free Democrats made a remarkable point, which seems to have struck several German editors simultaneously. They invited Mr. Khrushchev to use moderation, in order to ensure that Johnson won. This was spelt out in the *Stuttgarter Nachrichten* the same day: "The eastern echoes of Goldwater's nomination are in tune with the western echoes. Does this mean that Washington and Moscow together can prevent a final Goldwater victory? Khrushchev can certainly not offer President Johnson the slightest help for his internal policies, but overseas a quieter policy by Moscow would be Johnson's best support."

Yet the very shock was already doing de Gaulle's work for him. At the close of its editorial, already quoted, the Cologne *Stadt-Anzeiger* wrote: "All the governments of our old continent should make it clear to the American voters that while Europe will always follow America along the path of moderation and sense, the bond will snap if their country declares for extremism, violence and arrogance."

Gradually the tone of comment moderated, especially after the angry protests of James Reston, Dean Rusk and Senator Mansfield against European interference were published. The Catholic weekly *Christ und Welt* complained that "a part of the German press these days is producing a picture of Senator Goldwater which makes him look like a protector of the German Reich Party" (one of the right extremist factions). The *Rheinische Merkur*, another Catholic weekly with a close link to Dr. Adenauer, began: "German leftist-conformism has found a new bogeyman," and went on: 'One hardly knows whether to qualify this reaction as panic or as running amok." Then, in the course of an international press conference he gave on August 4th, Dr. Adenauer himself reproved the German press for "crying alarm and murder." Perhaps the only living German who can admonish his fellow-countrymen in this way, he said: "Goldwater is not our business. He concerns the Americans alone. It is up to them to decide about him. And we, of all people, have least right to give other nations lessons in choosing leaders!"

In contrast, the far right had no doubts about Goldwater. Adenauer may well be alarmed, even though he will admit nothing: Strauss' henchmen gloried. The *Bayern Kurier* from Munich, the Strauss mouthpiece which is run by a man with long Nazi associations, protested: "Although the Republican candidate stands for views which fulfill Germany's maximum possible demands on Washington, he is being treated almost as shabbily in West Germany as in Britain, for whose East-West and European policies the entry of Goldwater into the White House . . . would be a severe setback." Here, with the approval of Goldwater's fighting anti-Communism, was coupled the authentic anti-British note of German Gaullism. The Bavarian journalist went on to call the Goldwater nomination "an independent American reaction, conservative and at the same time modern, against a gradually crumbling era of vague leftism . . ."

GOLDWATER'S SUCCESS was seen by the Strauss paper as a reversal of a trend in vogue since Roosevelt's presidency. "Across the Atlantic, they call the trend 'liberal.' Its enemies use the expression 'leftism.' The European would say that it is the American version of European socialism, mixed with liberal progressivism: at once distantly related to the European left and differing from it as much as American society has hitherto differed from European society. In the last 10 years, this American leftist conformism has more or less dominated both parties."

The *National-Zeitung*, which Hitler would certainly have enjoyed reading, crowed. Its readers have just been treated to an article from the notorious Professor Hoggan, whose thesis of British guilt for the Second World War earned him a history prize from the German neo-fascists, in which he showed a close understanding of German strategic anxieties and general psychology by writing: "Goldwater is in favour of keeping American military defences strong and making them stronger. That is the exact opposite of a war policy. If the German Reich had done as much to build up its military strength before the war as Great Britain, it is very unlikely that the Halifax group in England would have dared to provoke their unnecessary and crazy preventive war against Germany in 1939 . . ." The same issue contained an article allegedly "by Senator Goldwater," which turned out to be a re-write of campaign material circulated at San Francisco. It contained Goldwater's familiar attitudes: the determination to arm NATO members with tactical nuclear weapons, and the dismissal of the multi-lateral force as an "insult to the intelligence of our allies." It is worth noting here that his hostility to the MLF is doubly welcome to the extreme right; not only does it imply that national nuclear armament has no substitute, but it refutes Wash-

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ington's openly admitted suspicion of German nuclear ambitions – the force's motive.

The supposed "Goldwater article" in the *National-Zeitung* brought some awkward enquiries from other journalists. Goldwater himself said that he had received the questions, but not answered them. Dr. Frey, the editor, finally revealed that he had obtained the story from Dr. Walter Becher, who runs an agency called the "West and East Service" and who had been at the San Francisco Convention. From Dr. Becher's office, and American sources, it became pretty clear that the "article" was just a scissors-and-paste job out of campaign literature. But Becher himself, a veteran of the Cow Palace, was an interesting figure. Manager of the Sudeten-German Council, and thus a leading organizer of the most truculent of all the refugee groups, Becher had been a member of the old BHE (refugee) party and also a member of the rightist All-German Party sitting in the Bavarian parliament. Dr. Frey claimed that Becher knew Goldwater well, from several trips to the States.

For some time, indeed, the South German rightists have claimed to lie especially warmly in Senator Goldwater's bosom. Back in November, a week after the murder in Dallas, the *National-Zeitung* carried a curious telephone interview with Goldwater, who was speaking from the house where his wife's mother had just died and was understandably reticent. Finally, the *National-Zeitung* observed with apparently meaning allusiveness: "You do know we are friends?" "Sure," Goldwater answered, "and we are keeping in contact."

This is a dubious scrap. But a series of incidents does lend strength to the idea that Goldwater returns some of the interest of the West German far right. To begin with, there is the persistent way in which he chooses phrases of peculiar appeal to German nationalism (to say nothing of his choice of German journalists to talk to, which led the *Washington Post* to remark that this was the first American election in which a knowledge of the German language seemed indispensable). In the famous *Spiegel* interview, published on the eve of the convention, he observed that only faulty leadership deprived Germany of victory in both world wars – a favourite thesis of elderly patriots here. Then, in one of the three German interviews which Goldwater now denies having given at all, he was quoted in *Revue* as saying: "Only he who says clearly that he is resolved to go the limit is respected. That is a policy which Germany and all successful nations have been following for a thousand years." Successful?

Although some mystery still attaches to Goldwater's proposed "holiday" at Berchtesgaden, scheduled for this July and then abandoned, it is known that he was to have met Strauss in Munich – no bad thing in itself, but there is no sign that he meant to contact the West German government as well. Senator Dirksen, of German-American extraction, has always been in contact with the German refugee interests, both in Europe and within the strong rightist element among the German community in the United States, and the extremists here had hoped that he would be chosen as Goldwater's running mate: he had told a German journalist that he would be able to press Germany's true interests effectively if Goldwater became President.

Then there was the rumour, bruited first in the American press, that Goldwater had for a long time been in friendly correspondence with the West German Minister of Transport, Herr Seebohm – who is also a Sudeten German, and who created an international scandal earlier this year by asserting the validity of the Munich agreement. Herr Seebohm, however, has flatly declared: "I've never seen him, spoken to him, or written him a letter!" More significant has been the presence over here this summer of Stefan Possony, one of Goldwater's chief foreign policy advisers, who holds a visiting professorship at the University of Cologne. Possony, who wrote a 1,500-word letter to the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* denying that Goldwater's entourage was either ignorant or xenophobic, has apparently been in touch with a variety of German right-wingers and "Gaullists." Though the topic of Goldwater's contacts on the German right remains a shadowy one, a link has undoubtedly been forged.

But the German far right represents only a fraction of the German public. The public reaction to a Goldwater campaign – to say nothing of a Goldwater victory – is likely to be a painful conflict between his ideals and his reality. When Goldwater tells *Spiegel* that the Berlin Wall should have been torn down, that the Russians should pay in political concessions for American wheat, and that Germany should have more responsibility for her own nuclear defence, he is appealing to most moderate conservative opinion here. More influential, however, are reports of his impulsiveness and his reckless "cowboy" style, which deeply alarm Germans of all political complexions or none. The tragedy for Erhard may be that Germans may draw the moral that de Gaulle was right, that a policy which relies on a wise man always in the White House is too dangerous. In reaction against Goldwater's wildness, West Germany could move into the net of Goldwater's friends on the Rhine and decide that national self-defence on the French model is better than an Atlantic community based on trust in America.

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THE THEATRICAL GOLDWATE

We have them in the theater, too. They can give a pretty good hit-or-miss first reading at auditions, and get the part, but put 'em up on the stage where it counts, and with the whole show on their shoulders, they blow higher'n a kite. They get a mental block. They "go up" in their lines. They need to be prompted. And they get prompted by whomever's standing in the wings. Even if a maniac is standing in the wings. Because when you're out there in the bright lights, you have to trust to the voices that reach you. A maniac standing in the wings could tell you to put real bullets in your prop gun and fire on the audience, and if you're in the rigid grip of stage fright, you might do it. These sort of fellows I'm talking about fall apart under pressure. Or they get too close to the brink and crash into the orchestra pit bringing the curtain down with a sick thud. That brings about in the theater what we call "a bomb." Then, the show's over, ladies and gentlemen, and nobody gets their money back.

Or they start overacting and ad-libbing – they "wing" it – the enormity of the limelight overwhelms them, their ego inflates like a balloon that isn't held down to anything real, and the whole show floats right off the ground and everything goes up in the air. We call them, in the theater, amateurs.

The amateur spirit, of course, is commendable. Any good professional strives to keep that quality with which a career is always first launched. But I am using the word here in a narrower sense to mean specifically a modicum of talent driven by a suspect ego with neither taste nor good judgment as its guide. Amateurs, in that sense, are bad actors and an embarrassment to all.

We learn to spot them by certain qualities peculiar to the breed and keep them out of professional ventures; not because we don't appreciate their good intentions, but because we hold a deep regard for the public which must not be cheated out of the value for which it pays. In a little community players group, say, in Arizona, for instance, amateur actors go over very big. The price is not so high for the ticket. And they often make up in enthusiasm for what they may lack in experience or talent. After all, you can be very ingratiating up on a stage in Phoenix, even if you drop out of character, or curse as you trip on your big entrance, or wave to your mother in the balcony. You may even get a hand.

But how desperately awful is the thought of the star part on opening night on Broadway cracking up under the strain and being led off the stage bewildered and weeping like a frightened child – off right stage, that is.

Now amateurs talk the greatest game in the world. They know Stanislavsky by heart. They love the theater and will say so endlessly, and at the drop of a straw hat, though very often, I fear, that love is only a love of self-exhibition, a grab for power, for power they won't know what to do with when they get it. And then, feeling inadequate to the task, they'll make up for it by going to extremes, by wildly waving their arms, or just plain hollering, or saying or doing the first rash, impulsive thing that pops into their irresponsible head.

No, we don't dare give the job to an amateur. However attractive the amateur may be and he so often is. He'll capitalize on being called an underdog. Everyone roots for an underdog, but if the underdog is a terrier, you don't give him a mastiff's work to do. He'll ask to be seen as a good guy, and he may even be a good guy, and everyone likes a good guy, but a good guy backed by bad guys is a fall guy.

Hitler was an amateur actor, too. When he was allowed to take power in Germany in 1932 it was because the old man, Hindenburg, that doddering, senile, ex-warrior president (who was so afraid of what history would say of him) didn't know how to say no, didn't want to offend anyone, and was assured that while Hitler's extremist views were repugnant, it was expedient to say wild things in order to attract the votes of the malcontents—in the interests of "unity," the old man capitulated and said: "I'm certainly on Hitler's team" or words to that effect, and then wandered off into oblivion.

The more rational political figures on the scene, appalled by the rise of the amateur in their midst, bickered amongst themselves, splintered their forces, and wound up as effective as a wet toothpick. Some amongst them who rose to speak out too late, were hissed by the gutter elements that had been cleverly packed into the auditoriums. The seeming tide of backing for The Candidate From The Far Right was simply political fraud, but it fooled the public. It turned a great, cultured and sophisticated people into a pack of wolves in a matter of months.

The amateur actor also fooled the public, though he was more noted in later years for screaming hysterically, that was after he was elected. In the beginning, he found a very effective way of delivering his speeches in a casual monotone designed to make him seem sincere, but he was a hothead, too, and would make reckless statements that got him space in the press. It didn't matter what he said. Were he an American

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Sidney Michaels

today, running for office, he'd be saying things like "drop the bomb"; "cut off communication with Russia"; "walk out of the U.N."; "go to war with Cuba"; "minority groups will have to fend for themselves, as the Federal Court shouldn't interfere, even to stop the open murder of its innocent citizens." Perhaps later The Final Solution to the Negro Problem would be the gas ovens. After all, Hitler didn't start out with a final solution. At first, he just offered a lot of contradictory, irresponsible, primary solutions. He even held private chats with Jewish leaders and so "unified" them, that in spite of his open, loud, clear anti-semitism, they helped finance him.

What do you suppose he must have said to them? "I have nothing against Jews as individuals," or "I have nothing against educated, clean Jews," or "I have nothing against Jewish leaders, especially if they've contributed to our culture as writers, or musicians, or movie stars or ball players," or "I don't really mean what I'm saying," or "I'm persecuted by the press and they misquote me," or "whenever you have heard me say these terrible things with my own lips, I have been misquoting myself – because it is necessary for me to get into office, no matter by what means, because the opposition doesn't have a sound fiscal policy and you love your country, don't you?" Or did he just say, "When I say I am for extremism, I mean for the accomplishment of a good end." And then, do you suppose, he did not bother to define what he meant by a "good end"? For words have relative values. Liberty to Castro, for instance, means Communism, once he gets in power. And justice to Hitler meant "living-room" or in other words, the take-over and enslavement of the whole world. Oh, make no mistake, the amateur actor in politics is a dangerous fool.

For the show that folds when he is not in his "lucid moments" is our lives and the lives of our children, is our civilization. These are hot-line days and we'd better cast a cool head, a dry palm, and a firm hand, for there are holocausts at our fingertips on this stage of time, and a walking-backwards in our sleep at the brinks of unsounded pits awaits us, if we follow how-to-do-it hypnotists, wild-west show medicine men, or good old Babbitt, the practical joker, who in one breath fears he "may not have the brains for the job" and in the next breath compares the reporters around him with Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, thereby likening himself to Christ. "I have a crusade," cried Hitler, but he failed to say it was just a short hike to the rubble heap.

You might think that I am saying that Senator Goldwater is another Hitler. I am not saying that. Senator Goldwater is not like Hitler in so many ways that one may safely conclude they are two very different animals.

For one thing, Hitler wouldn't have been caught dead Jewish; whereas, the Senator, on his paternal and nomenclative side, is. For another thing, Senator Goldwater doesn't wear a mustache. And there are other differences – clothes, language, marital status, family wealth, et cetera. But the most important difference, to you and me, between Adolph Hitler and Barry Goldwater, is that Hitler achieved election in a depression era, when desperation on the part of a hungry people made choosing a fanatic for a leader an understandable, if deplorable, grasp at a straw; which Barry Goldwater has moved onto the speaker's platform in a time of prosperity, in a country where militarism has always been scowled on and rejected, and following hard upon the awesome, monstrous murder in Dallas of one of the giants of our nation, by an "amateur actor" and an "extremist," too, so that one can scarcely foresee history repeating itself.

I like to believe that our love for our country is a responsible one. I think that when the people of this proud republic read in their newspapers that a man named De Pugh has recruited thousands to take up arms, cause riots in our streets, sabotage the present government, exercise bullying violence to our citizens in the name of Barry Goldwater, and Barry Goldwater does not repudiate them, I think Americans are going to be shocked. I think that when good men and women, and free men and women, read in their newspapers that the John Birch Society calls ex-President Eisenhower a communist, and advocates that violent measures be taken upon all such, which is the cackling of the crazy, the rage of the irrational, and Barry Goldwater does not repudiate them, I think Americans are going to be angry.

And I think that what happened in Germany in 1932 cannot happen in America in 1964. Because, I think, and I believe, that Americans are a good audience. One that can see through a false theatricality and spot the amateur doing his unseemly jig to the tune of *Looka'-me!*

In the theater, you know, we like *reaction*, because it puts the audience's focus on the *action*, where things get done. In politics, reactionaries claim reaction is just the other side of the coin. Tails. Where you lose.

SIDNEY MICHAELS *is the author of the musical* Tchin-Tchin *and of the Broadway success*, Dylan.

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The Feiffer Goldwater

HELLO, KITCH? YOU GOT THE TAPE MACHINE TURNED OFF? ALL RIGHT, I'LL WAIT.

LISTEN, KITCH, OFF THE RECORD, I THINK I GOT THE GENERAL'S EAR ON THIS THING AND I CAN TELL YOU ALMOST STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH THAT HE DOES NOT DESIRE TO FINK OUT ON THE TICKET

THE PROBLEM, KITCH, IS THIS WHOLE **EXTREMISM** THING. THE GENERAL WAS ALL SET TO FALL IN LINE, BUT NOW, VERY FRANKLY, HE'S GOT HIS **BACK** UP.

SURE I CLARIFIED THE SENATOR'S VIEWS, KITCH, BUT THE GENERAL DOESN'T AGREE TEDDY ROOSEVELT WAS AN EXTREMIST AND HE'S DAMN SORE AT THE SUGGESTION **HE** WAS ONE FOR INVADING NORMANDY.

SURE, KITCH, **YOU** AND **I** KNOW IT'S ALL SEMANTICS, BUT YOU GO EXPLAIN SEMANTICS TO THE GENERAL. I'M AFRAID IF THE SENATOR DOESN'T COME OUT AGAINST EXTREMISM OF **SOME KIND** THE GENERAL WILL SIT OUT THE CAMPAIGN.

NOW WE'RE NOT ASKING FOR ANYTHING AS DRASTIC AS CONDEMNING THE **KLAN** OR THE **BIRCH** SOCIETY, KITCH - BUT HOW ABOUT IF THE SENATOR MADE A STRONG STATEMENT, SAY, ON **HITLER**?

WELL, KITCH, I THINK IF THE SENATOR TOOK THE KIND OF STAND ON HITLER THAT THE GENERAL FELT WAS **ALL OUT**, WE MIGHT GET HIM TO SEE THE BIRCH SOCIETY AS A SORT OF A **MIDDLE GROUND.**

NOW, MIND YOU, KITCH, THIS IS ONLY **MY** IDEA, NOT THE GENERAL'S, BUT IF PRESENTED TO HIM IN THE **RIGHT** WAY - WELL, WHO KNOWS?

THINK IT OVER, KITCH. IF THERE'S ANY NEW MODIFICATION, AMPLIFICATION OR REVISION OF THE GENERAL'S VIEWS I'LL GIVE YOU A CALL.

The Hall Syndicate, Inc.

THE DARE DEVIL ADVENTURES OF BANG-BANG BARRY

WHAT'S IT GONNA BE LIKE, BANG-BANG BARRY?

SOMEDAY LI'L EMPTY, WE'RE GONNA OWN THIS LAND!

WHEN, BANG-BANG BARRY **WHEN**?

SOON, LI'L EMPTY. AN' IT'S GONNA BE **OUR** LAND. AN' WE'RE GONNA DO WITH IT WHAT **WE** WANT. AN' IF ANYBODY TRIES TO PUSH US AROUND—

WE-WE'LL PUSH 'EM RIGHT BACK! AIN'T THAT RIGHT, BANG-BANG BARRY?

THAT'S RIGHT, LI'L EMPTY. AN' NOBODY ON TOP WILL TELL US **WHAT** TO DO OR **WHO** WE HAVE TO EAT WITH **EVER** AGAIN!

TELL ME THE PART ABOUT **CUBA**, BANG-BANG BARRY.

SOMEDAY, LI'L EMPTY - WHEN IT'S **OUR** LAND, NOBODY **ANYWHERE** IN THIS WORLD WILL EVER SHUT OFF OUR WATER AGAIN. WHY, IF THEY JUST SO MUCH AS **TRY** WE'LL GO IN THERE -

AN' WE'LL **WRECK 'EM! RIGHT**, BANG-BANG BARRY? WE'LL WRECK **ALL OF THEM!** AN' THE CHINESE **TOO!** AN' THE **ROOSKIES!** AN' THE **PINKOS!** **AN' THE PUSHY COLORED GUYS!** **AN' THE PUNKY KIDS ON STREET CORNERS!** **AN' THE EASTERN INTERNATIONALIST PRESS! WE'LL WRECK 'EM ALL, AIN'T THAT RIGHT, BANG-BANG BARRY?**

EASY, LI'L EMPTY. I DIDN'T SAY ALL THAT. YOU'RE MAKING SOME OF THAT UP.

I-I GOT ONE OF MY HEADACHES. MAKE IT GO 'WAY - TELL ME WHAT IT'S GONNA BE LIKE AGAIN, BANG-BANG BARRY.

SOMEDAY, LI'L EMPTY, YOU AN' I ARE GONNA OWN THIS LAND.

The Feiffer Goldwater

HELEN MY WIFE WHINES HERSELF TO SLEEP EVERY NIGHT. HER FAVORITE TUNE: "WHY AIN'T YOU EVER **NICE** TO ME ANYMORE, BARNEY?" WHY CAN'T HELEN BE MORE LIKE MY MOTHER? THIRTY YEARS OF A BAD MARRIAGE. NOT A PEEP OUT OF HER.

AUGIE, MY MIDDLE BOY, COMES HOME BLEEDING TWICE A WEEK. "THE GANG," HE SAYS. WHY CAN'T THERE BE CHILD LABOR LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS WHERE KIDS WENT INTO THE FACTORY AT TEN AND STAYED OUT OF TROUBLE?

RENEE, MY OLDEST, BRINGS HOME A GUY NOT EVEN IN OUR RELIGION. WHY CAN'T IT BE LIKE IN THE INQUISITION WHERE YOU COULD GET A GUY IN TROUBLE FOR THAT?

LEROY, THE COLORED KID DOWN AT THE SHOP, OUTWORKS ME AND GRINS LIKE A WISE GUY. WHY CAN'T THERE BE SLAVERY ANYMORE WHERE I

I STAY UP HALF EVERY NIGHT TRYING TO DRINK MYSELF TO SLEEP. WHY CAN'T THERE BE A FOURTEEN HOUR DAY AGAIN WHEN A MAN

SO I'M VOTING FOR GOLDWATER.

I WANT FREEDOM.

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the Jewish Goldwater

JUDD L. TELLER

LIKE ITS PREDECESSORS, the 1964 Republican platform contains nothing that might offend the Jews' ethnic sensibilities. It sustains the bipartisan consensus on Israel. Yet Jews are disturbed by it as they have never been before by a major party platform. They are disturbed because the platform differs from all that came before it. Those had been a coalition of views. The 1964 platform presents a monolithic *anschauung*, total, uncompromising, unyielding. It permits no quarter to diversity. Its advocates impute disloyalty to other-minded Americans. It has been framed by a coalition of political vagabonds who repeatedly for the past three decades had sought and been denied accommodations by the Republican Party and been compelled to huddle around the smoky fires of abortive little third parties. Pursued to its unpremeditated consequences, the *anschauung* they have finally imposed on the Republican Party might break out in a climate intolerant not only of dissent, but also of descent. The radical right views all dissent as dark conspiracy. The anti-Semitic mind takes a similar view of history. The two *falanges* are too often synonymous. What further disturbs Jews is that for the first time the standard bearers of one of the major parties have fenced, feinted and evaded when challenged to repudiate extremist support. The Hershey statement, coaxed from Goldwater as a peace and unity gesture, still does not fill the bill. Mr. Goldwater's running mate had twice before the Hershey meeting repudiated the support of the Klan organization, but pointedly avoided repudiation of individual Klansmen. At Hershey he joined his senior in repudiating both. But they have repudiated neither the John Birch Society (of which Goldwater once said, "they believe in the Constitution, they believe in God, they believe in freedom"), nor the several well-heeled so-called anti-communist crusades which boldly label themselves Christian, the implication being, however much their spokesmen deny it, that Christians alone have a corner on American loyalty.

The Jews' voting pattern has deep roots in their religion, culture, historical experience and the home environment in which the voters grew up. However much he might gripe about taxes, however conservative his economic views, it would be a rare specimen of an American Jew who would subscribe, without qualm, to Goldwater's position that "social welfare programs, education, public power, agriculture, public housing, urban renewal" are all "outside the constitutional mandate." The Bible laid the basis for the welfare state. The Jewish ghettos were welfare states which maintained their institutions, including the educational, by means of a graduated income tax long before the United States came into being. The rabbinical response literature over the centuries has favored the type of assistance which Goldwater decries as outrageous "paternalism" and "socialism." That the Jews' quality of compassion and dutiful concern for their fellows has survived the religious disciplines which ordained it, is demonstrated by prodigious Jewish drives in this country. Voluntarism is prodded by bold social pressures. A community so conditioned cannot but be repelled by Goldwater's view that "most people who have no skill have had no education for the same reason – low intelligence or low ambition." Low intelligence is a curse, not a crime. From their long tortuous experience Jews can point to another cause, the absence or deliberate denial of opportunity.

States' rights cannot excite the average Jewish voter. If he is at all familiar with American Jewish history he knows that some states only reluctantly excised, from their books, discriminatory laws against the Jews after the Federal constitution had taken all preventives against this type of inequity. This could also be observed in Germany as it coalesced very slowly into unified nationhood. Some of its states were more bigoted than others. It was easier to strike down bigotry at the federal level, than piecemeal at the local level. Provincialism is the last refuge of irrational bias.

The Jews as a people have been the oldest, most frequent and most tragic victims of deliberate malicious labelling. They have paid in millions of lives because of the passions aroused by such labels as "Christ killer," "typhoid carriers," "waterwell poisoners" "international bankers" and "communist conspirators." They cannot without grave misgivings consider a candidate who has labelled Chief Justice Earl Warren "a Socialist," although surprisingly, graciously refraining from joining the rabble's cry for his dismissal. Even Jews no less critical of ADA than Goldwater himself, must puzzle at the consequences of the recklessness which impels him to impute conspiracy to ADA. "I am more concerned," he asserted, "about the ADA who are in government . . . than (about) any rightist society members

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who are not in government." It is precisely this type of discreditation of the democratic opposition that helped Hitlerism and Leninism before that into power. When Goldwater states of rightist totalitarians that "if they have to have a dictator in order to keep communism out, then I don't think we can object to that" he parrots the rationale of the German industrialists and financiers who raised Hitler.

There is something peculiar about the frequency and nature of Goldwater's remarks about Germany. It must give Jews pause. Though he has amended, reformulated and retracted his various pronouncements on Germany, enough remains to show that they are of a uniform pattern. They are uncannily similar to the weary arguments which German generals and other advocates of German rearmament, have advanced since World War I. One wonders who in Goldwater's inner court is such a voracious and approving reader of that literature. It was Versailles, Goldwater contends, trotting out an old German argument, which "actually allowed communism to get started in this world and created Nazism and fascism in Germany and Italy. . . . The greatest enemy of the Jew in the world has been the Democratic Party and their stupid treaties that they have made with other countries."

This is a peculiar medley. Hitler rode to power by blaming Versailles. In the 1930's the Nazis and their sympathizers in America accused the Jews of having been the sinister force behind Versailles and of dictating the policies of the Roosevelt regime. They called the New Deal – Jew Deal, and Roosevelt – Rosenfelt. No doubt Goldwater is innocent of the association and implications he evokes when he expresses astonishment that his Jewish cousins in New York – Goldwater himself qualifies as a Jew only by the Nazi definition – should so unswervingly support the Democratic Party and then blames that party for Versailles and what followed.

The infallible German generals, of course, never really lost either war. The Kaiser was responsible for their debacle in World War I, and Hitler for their debacle in World War II. And here, alas, in an unretracted interview with Germany's *Der Spiegel*, is Goldwater's view that "had not Germany in both wars been subject to the supreme command of men or a man in any case who didn't understand war, I think that Germany would have won both wars." Not a word about the purposes and consequences of the two wars. At his Hershey press conference Goldwater stated that "I think that Germany originated the modern concept of peace through strength," to which the *New York Times* correspondent, wary of Goldwater's sensitivity to correct quotations let alone interpretations, added that "it was not clear exactly what was Mr. Goldwater's meaning." The attribution of a "peace through strength concept" to a German general staff with genocide on its conscience and record, is monstrous. However, Goldwater's pronouncements, especially the peculiar ones on Germany, convey the impression of a man under hypnosis repeating words suggested to him without grasping their meaning. Seriously, it seems that he is only seldom aware of the words in which shrewd persons frame the utterances they wish him to make.

Goldwater is ungainly at the familiar, to other politicians, game of reconciling paradoxes. His so-called philosophy may be absurd and riddled by inner contradictions, but he has clung to it with admirable tenacity. It is this consistency that has evoked the enthusiasm of the entire radical right. It would be disastrous for the nation if he were now judged not by his past consistency, but by qualifications that have been forced out of him by seekers after Republican unity and possible Presidential victory. He is reportedly a man of moods, trusting none but the few faceless men who lifted this political foundling from obscurity into national and international prominence. These men, who have possession of him, have shaped his image towards certain ends, may now themselves engineer the temporary modification of that image to assure those ends.

It is too simple to pronounce judgment against those Republicans who had opposed him as an extremist through San Francisco and have now pledged him their support. Their endorsement no doubt provides a necessary whitewash. But they may also be lingering on to forestall the radical right's complete foreclosure on the Republican Party. Having failed earlier, they are not likely to succeed now. Only its defeat in the Presidential elections next November can restore the Republican Party to them.

The Jewish Establishment is torn between uneasiness over the consequences of a Goldwater victory and prayerful hope that the moderates might yet prevail in the Republican Party. The Establishment's spokesmen will either repudiate all the premises set forth in this article as untrue, or will subject it to the complete silent treatment. They seriously believe that there is nothing more reckless than candor.

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THE BLACK GOLDWATER

Louis E. Lomax

LOUIS E. LOMAX, *writer and lecturer, is the author of* The Reluctant African, The Negro Revolt, *and* When The Word Is Given.

THERE ARE SEVERAL WAYS one can view the dismal doings at San Francisco that placed Senator Barry Goldwater within an idiot's vote of the White House. As a Negro I view the Goldwater-Miller ticket with more fright than I wish to admit; as a voter I once felt the Arizona conservative would be liberalism's easiest foe. Now I am convinced Goldwater could win. As a Christian-Humanist I view the Goldwater nomination as an insult; I was particularly appalled by the Senator's frequent invoking of God's blessings upon Goldwaterism during his now infamous acceptance speech.

But as a writer and social critic I must set aside these emotional reactions and deal with the Goldwater phenomenon in terms of precisely what it is: *a moment of spiritual and philosophical reckoning that had to arrive one day, but a confrontation I had hoped could be delayed until this Republic developed enough political sophistication to make victory for the right side certain.*

However, foreign and domestic issues have conspired to announce *now* as the hour. We are left with no alternative but to deal promptly with the phenomenon of Goldwaterism.

The meandering history of America's political par-

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ties aside, Goldwater has been ushered into the Republican nomination by those who are determined to regain power at any cost, the consequences notwithstanding. These people insist that the prime function of a political party is to win elections; they seem singularly incapable of being concerned with anything else. Thus they have concluded that their only hope of victory is to give the nation "a choice, not an echo." Like all religious fundamentalists, the Goldwaterites have laid bare a gut issue. For to say that they are out to win at all costs is not also to say that the Goldwater people lack convictions. To the contrary, they are strongly convinced that enough Americans share their convictions to vote Barry Goldwater into the White House.

There are, to be sure, other Republicans who are not of this fold. They, too, are job hungry and want to win; they too have convictions. They most certainly wish to contain the spread of communism, but they would rather not defoliate Asian trees to do it. They are concerned about Cuba, but are unwilling to run the risks, military and moral, that are involved in sending Marines onto that troubled island in order to restore the water supply to an American naval base. They wish to see the Negro revolt return to sane maneuvering, but they will have none of the white backlash the Goldwaterites are courting. These moderate Republicans, as they once called themselves, could have captured the nomination had they started in time. However, with the exception of New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, they elected to play it cute, feeling sure they would win simply because Barry Goldwater *couldn't* win. Well, he could win, and he did win, and, as a direct result, they lost.

There was a moment when it seemed that the moderate Republicans would bolt the party – or Goldwater, at least – in the name of principles. But they withered under the fire from their club houses back home and, save for a few notable exceptions, limped into the Goldwater fold. Pitiable Governor William Scranton, Hamlet to the end, was the first to shout "Hail Caesar!" to the man whom he, Scranton, had all but called insane. Then Nelson Rockefeller roused Republican rabble in New York by embracing those very people who not only refused to vote for him, but booed him just to make sure he got the message.

Now unity is the order of the day and the electorate will sit and watch as otherwise decent Republicans unite behind a man they dislike and whose principles they abhor. The Goldwater principles are written into – or dramatically left out of – the Republican platform. Thus they fashion the political umbrella under which the GOP will campaign this Fall.

Just what, exactly, are Goldwater's principles; what is Goldwaterism? Nobody actually knows, of course, and lack of clarity is part and parcel of Goldwaterism for it allows all men with gripes and pains to see in Goldwaterism the facile fulfillment of all their anxious dreams.

Goldwater voted against the civil rights bill on constitutional grounds, but went on to say he felt that the bill's purpose was morally right, that the Negro should, indeed, be given everything spelled out in the bill. Yet the white South loves Barry; several Southern states may shift into the Goldwater column because, as a white Texan told pollster Samuel Lubell, "I'm for that man – what's his name? – the one who is against the coloreds!"

Goldwater has made it clear that whereas he disapproves of some of the tactics of the Negro revolt in the North, he believes the Negroes there have a just complaint. He summons Arizona Negroes who testify that Goldwater not only integrated his own place of business years before the current racial agitation but, as a city councilman, was almost single handedly responsible for the desegregation of all public facilities and housing in Phoenix. Yet the northern backlashers – those who fear the Negro will move into their jobs and communities – are surging toward Goldwater at rip-tide strength. Further, the white backlashers are convinced that the man who has said that civil rights should be left mainly to the several states will do something about racial unrest in, say, New York and New Jersey. And they have reason to believe this. After all, in his acceptance speech, once he had denounced the spread of federal power, Goldwater went on to raise the switchblade issue and indicated that once he was elected President he would make the streets of, say, Oakland, safe from muggers.

Goldwater says he doubts he would really defoliate the trees of Asia, that he simply cited that exercise in nuclear tiddlywinks as one possible approach to the troublesome Viet Cong. Yet thousands who dearly wish to see nuclear attacks on the Viet Cong – and Red China as well – are flocking to Goldwater in the sincere belief that he is their military savior.

Goldwater also says that he was misquoted on Cuba, that he didn't really say that we should send the Marines in to turn the water back on. Then just what would Goldwater do about Cuba? He doesn't say and nobody knows, but Goldwater is supported by legions who are certain that he will, with God's help, confront Castro with something mighty, mean, American, and manly, and that the Cubans had better like it or get blown to the bottom of the Caribbean.

Then there is the matter of the friends we have lost in Europe, particularly the French. Goldwater has promised to take care of that by talking with de Gaulle and finding out just what nasty things John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson said or did to make the sulking Frenchman mad. A few nights ago I attended a Goldwater rally where the speaker promised the applauding crowd that Goldwater would indeed make things right with de Gaulle and that de Gaulle, in turn, would rethink his contempt for NATO and the United Nations.

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And speaking of the United Nations, Goldwater said he has been misquoted once again, that he would not pull us out of the organization unless Red China were pulled in. But he does plan, as President, to do something about the United Nations; Goldwater plans, in the words of William Miller, the Republican vice-presidential candidate, to make the world body "more American," more attuned to the Western position. Reminded that neither America nor the West has ever lost a significant vote in the United Nations, Miller says, even so, there must be a change because the communists and the Afro-Asians have too much power, particularly in the General Assembly.

Thus Goldwater's Republic, unlike Plato's, is structured out of nonlogic; his gospel, unlike Paul's, is that of wrath, fire, and destruction; his ethics, unlike Jefferson's, is but a macabre attempt, under the label of conservatism, to weld varied and conflicting fears into a political theory. However, the finished product is not conservatism.

But the supporters of Barry Goldwater don't care what Goldwater is; they don't know what it is and they don't give a damn. For the faithful, the Goldwater position on a given issue is whatever they want it to be, it is whatever meets the demands of their fears and frustrations. They don't care what he says; if it sounds wild, as if their Barry is once again shooting from the hip, as far as they are concerned, the chances are the biased press misquoted him. If it turns out that Barry did indeed say it, then the words don't mean what they say; they mean something else. What do Barry Goldwater's words mean? They mean whatever the Goldwaterites need to hear in order to stay glued together, individually and collectively. As Voltaire did with God, a certain segment of the American population invented Barry Goldwater to keep from going crazy.

A classic example of the danger of Goldwaterism occurred when reporters asked the Presidential candidate what he thought about the American air attacks on Viet Cong air bases. "It was long overdue," Goldwater snapped. "We must stop turning the other cheek and fight back. If a bee stings you, go after the hive."

Well, this makes Jesus something of a piker, and Martin Luther King is not only a fool but a false prophet, and Malcolm X is absolutely right when he says, "if a snake bites one of your children (if a white man harms a Negro, that is) you go out and hunt, not just for that snake, but for any snake. And you keep on hunting until you find the den of snakes and destroy them all. All praises due to Allah!"

This is a clear warning about where we are headed if this Republic falls into the hands of those who offer simple solutions to complex, almost insoluble, questions. Goldwater insists that God is on our side and that we are a Christian nation; yet he eschews anything that smacks of a Christ-like approach to foreign policy. If a Viet Cong bee stings you, you bomb the hive. But what if a white Mississippi bee stings a Negro? Dear God! Not only do the Goldwaterites view that question as being communist-inspired but it even goes so far as to question the sacred notion of state's rights. And if you told the Goldwaterites that all of this missile-rattling is un-Christian, they would probably set fire to you just as, indeed, they did to a Negro delegate who refused to join the Goldwater demonstration on the convention floor.

Another example of the nonlogic that seeks to rule the land occurred during the Senate vote on the anti-poverty bill. Goldwater voted against the measure. Even so the bill passed. However, the measure provides that most of the impetus for the anti-poverty program must come from the White House, and only God knows what Goldwater will, or will not, do about the program if he is elected President. Alas, it would be the ultimate expression of Goldwaterism if a poor, white Southerner who voted for Goldwater because he felt Goldwater was against the Negro, died from starvation because Goldwater refused to implement the anti-poverty bill. These are the troubling truths the Goldwaterites prefer never to face. There is no more impenetrable iron curtain than the one that separates the Goldwaterites from reality.

What the Goldwaterites propose is a closed society, with their own peculiar ethic and jargon; they have *their* God and not only do they feel He is able to deliver them from hurt and harm, but He sends them forth to wreak destruction upon those who are not of their fold. When Goldwater said extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice, the Birchites leaped to their feet in ecstasy. They knew exactly what he meant; after all, the moderate Republicans had just spent several days trying to get their party to disavow "extremists." Clearly, for them at least, Goldwater's statement meant that they, Birchers, were good little Goldwaterites. He certainly did not mean that communist extremism in the defense of what *they* considered liberty was a virtue. Nor, indeed, did Goldwater mean that Negro extremists who want to do something about Orange County, California, are smoking from unction. More, when Goldwater advocated "bombing the hive" was he also saying that had we defoliated the trees in North Viet Nam that the Viet Cong would be justified in attacking American bases? The question becomes even more chilling when it is recalled that Goldwater raised the defoliation issue before the Viet Cong attacked American vessels.

Of course Goldwater does not mean that his ethic is a two way street. The morals of a closed society never are. Rather it is an *Us* versus *Them* affair; whatever we do to them is good, whatever they do to us is bad. Thus it is that the Republican party has become the enclave of white, Christian-American reactionism. Dick Gregory made the point when he called the GOP San Francisco convention "a gathering of the White Muslims."

Just as segregation made the rise of the Black Muslims inevitable, so does the whole of this Republic

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share in the making of Barry Goldwater. There is undeniably a bit of Goldwaterism in each of us. It is an impurity that has afflicted the national blood stream since the inception of this country. Now, like a boil, the elements of American negativism have congregated in one place. The ugly, tender swelling sits square on our forehead for all the world to see and taunt. Even worse, we cannot look in the mirror without seeing the scary thing and knowing that it and we are flesh of one flesh, blood of one blood, pus of one pus.

It had to happen one day.

It had to happen because we of this nation have never mustered the courage – nor the reason, for that matter – to be honest with ourselves and about our way of life. Let's face it, we Americans are political and moral primitives. The central myths of our primitiveness are the strongly held beliefs that (1) all matters can be distilled to absolute moral simplicity in the crucible of puritanism, and (2) that the freedom to pursue happiness finds its justification in resultant *happiness* rather than in the process of *democratic freedom.* The first myth, that *our god's-eye* view of moral matters which reduces them to child-like simplicity, is a dangerous perversion of Christianity, of any religion, for that matter; and the second myth, that private or ghetto happiness is to be pursued without regard to the political process that makes the pursuit of happiness possible in the first place, is a complete misreading of the American Constitution.

It is the moral myth that leads the Goldwaterites to adhere to a "we are all right and they are all wrong" foreign policy. This is why they can condemn Fidel Castro as a communist tyrant who has robbed the Cuban people of their freedom, and then go on to view black bodies floating in the Mississippi River as a matter to be left entirely to the state involved. For them, both reactions are the will of God. It is the happiness myth that has produced the white backlash that will spell defeat or victory for Barry Goldwater. Citizens of the North's ethnic ghettos, like teen age gangs, view their communities as *their* turf, the public schools in that area as *their* schools, and they have taken over certain segments of the economy which they consider *theirs.* Thus the Italians rioted when Negro children were bussed to schools in *their* area; thus rank and file unionism is in rebellion against Lyndon B. Johnson because these ethnic groups feel the civil rights bill will put Negroes in *their* jobs. Both myths have prospered because nobody, including the schools, the churches, and the government, has taught democracy to the people. The American masses are left to absorb democratic principles and behavior patterns by osmosis. They don't absorb anywhere enough. As a result, our way of life is about to die from malnutrition and lack of affection.

Civilization, at best, is a compact among men, held together by thin baling-wire against the day when true concern for one's fellows becomes the glue that binds our hearts in love. That day is not yet here; indeed it seems still a long way off. Yet, on the whole, we are not the tribal brutes we once were.

America appears to be on the way out of the stage of noble savagery. The Negro has more to look forward to and has more respect for himself than he has ever had before. Easement describes the relationship between America and Russia. Our churches have begun to flirt with a new ethic. Jews are coming forward to say that they are not a chosen people and to ask where the Christians ever came up with the idea that Jews thought they were chosen. Christians may yet vote that the Jews did not kill Jesus and, therefore, are not really perfidious. Negroes come out from behind their smothered cackles and denounce the Black Muslims for calling white people snakes and devils. Senators from the deep South take to the Senate floor, as they did during the recent debate on the civil rights bill, and actually admit that Negroes in their states are being mistreated. And asked if he would be patient were he a Negro, Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater snaps, "Hell No!" The nation is about to admit that both good and evil are universals, that no one nation or way of life has a monopoly on either. Yes, there is something about America that shows man at his struggling best. We flirt with the notion that change is not only inevitable, but that it is good.

But change threatens the old landmarks, reshapes our values and endangers the joys and values held for so long, regardless of how wrongly, and called a way of life. Fear moves in, tribal blood rushes to our heads and the brute primeval utters his anguished, though muted, cry.

This, the howl of the brute primeval, is the chilling wail that came from San Francisco with the nomination of Barry Goldwater and William Miller.

And when it came, a part of me belched a vulgar sound and startled the rest of me. Now the two me's are locked in deadly conflict. Dear God, *my God,* please let the better me win.

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Cardinal McIntyre

A RAMPARTS SPECIAL REPORT

Sprawling Los Angeles, the homeland of the radical right in the nation's biggest state, is considered a racial tinder box. But Los Angeles Cardinal McIntyre, a McKinley conservative who has often expressed his dissatisfaction with the United Nations, steadfastly maintains that there is no racial problem in his archdiocese. He treats visiting delegations of concerned white and Negro Catholics graciously, talks proudly of the Archdiocese's building program in Negro neighborhoods, and refuses to involve the church in any part of the civil rights struggle. ■

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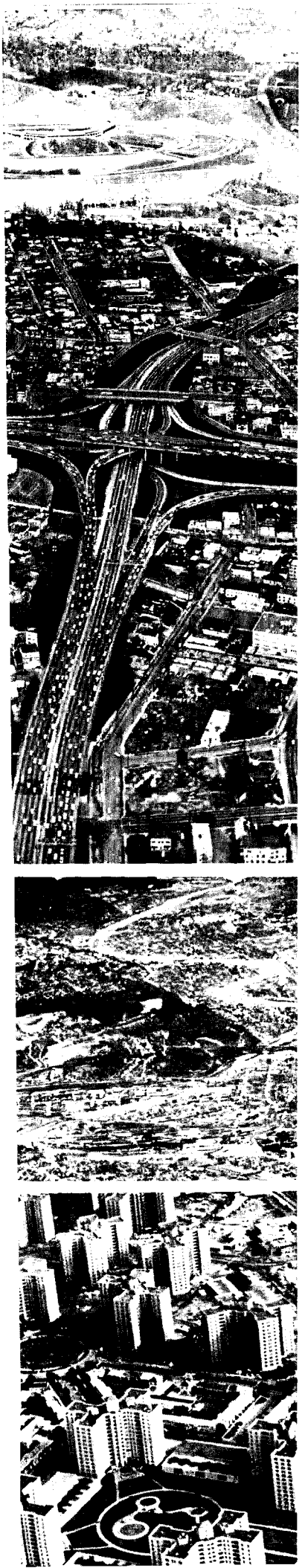

The McIntyre/Goldwater Axis

THERE IS NOTHING DEADLIER THAN SILENCE, particularly when the moment demands that the voice of conscience speak out. The silence here is the fraternal silence of the American bishops that protects and encourages the scandalous presence of Cardinal James Francis McIntyre of Los Angeles in our midst. He lingers on, unhappily, because of tradition, a tradition of the Catholic Church that says no bishop will tread on the toes of another, regardless of the circumstances. Thus, the silence.

Reactionary in all things, as if he still lived in his beloved seminary, Cardinal McIntyre is a scandal to the Church, a scandal so extreme as to be the most grossly open secret in the modern Catholic Church. And yet this man continues to reside in the Bishop's Palace utterly immune from all rebuke and control. The Cardinal's attitude toward racism in general, and to Proposition 14 (that would repeal all fair-housing legislation in California) in particular, is in open violation of the moral and social teachings of the Church. And yet he resides in the Bishop's Palace, an old man surrounded by his own sort, and who some feel deserves both our charity and our pity.

But this is to miss the point. It is so easy when evil is being done to practice Christian charity toward the evil doer, but what of those who suffer from this evil? Must we always prefer to rationalize our silence by saying that this man or that man is a child of God and therefore to be loved, thus separating the sin from the sinner? When are we going to stop raising this smoke screen and instead direct our charity and our concern for those who suffer under tyranny? Let's stop staring at poor, misguided Cardinal McIntyre and focus our attention on those who suffer under him.

Cardinal McIntyre is not alone in his incredible dereliction of duty. The vast majority of American bishops now gathered in Rome have left behind them a sorry record in terms of racial justice. Cardinal McIntyre is the extreme, the monolithic rock that is immovable and impenetrable, but there are others who make a mockery of the Church's teachings.

Paradoxically, while Cardinal McIntyre claims that Proposition 14 is a political issue and defends his official policy on the grounds of individual morality, the great bulk of American bishops say that racism is a moral question but handle it as if it were a political issue.

The tragedy of the Church is that it too often thinks of itself in terms of eternity and not in terms of its existence in time and place. In California, Proposition 14 is a temporary thing that will become buried in the past on November 3rd, after which everyone can go about his business as usual.

What the California bishops, other than Cardinal McIntyre, do is to present a public posture in opposition to the proposition, but behind this public posture is a vast ocean of inactivity, vacillation and equivocation. If the proposition is defeated—by some miracle—they will claim the lion's share of the credit and if the proposition passes, they will be able to proclaim with wide-eyed innocence, "But everyone knows I opposed the proposition. Not only that but on moral grounds to boot." So either way they personally cannot lose. And besides, this is all so temporary.

The American bishops, regardless of where located in this country, have handled in the past, and by and large in the future will continue to handle, the question of civil rights in a similar way. The American bishops, in conference, issued a statement in 1963 that said racism is fundamentally a moral and religious question. Again we have glorious words and the public image of the Church is preserved. But the reality behind the posture is a scandal and a sin. There may be individual

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something, but the vast majority don't want to get involved. They prefer fingering their Pectoral Crosses.

How can this be explained? Particularly, how can it be explained when we must proceed on the assumption of basic good will on the part of the bishops involved? Quite simply, they view a victim of racism as *a Negro*, a distant abstraction, an abstraction lost behind the mass of white clerical and lay functionaries whose gaze is always upon the bishop and his wishes. The bishops simply don't know what is going on, not only in the general community but more particularly in their own dioceses. All of this, of course, is the perennial problem that exists in the Catholic Church where its leaders are so far removed from reality that they cannot see the people, the man, the woman, the child who suffers. How many bishops know Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexican-Americans? The key word is, *know*, not know *about*. Certainly we all know *about* these people, but how many know *this* Negro father who cannot provide for his family? How many know *this* Mexican-American mother who is carrying her tenth child? How many know *this* Puerto Rican child who cannot stay awake in a class room because he spent the previous night sharing a bed with four other children?

The ancient majesty of authoritarian paternalism that has marked the Princes of the Church is a significant cause of the sins of the world which can come into being, not only by malfeasance, but by nonfeasance as well. What must replace this lofty isolation is a fraternal descent into reality, a reality that consists of flesh and blood, not of mere abstractions.

The sin is on all of us because we do not do that which Christ directs us to. It isn't the responsibility solely of the bishops and the clergy to share the reality of life with all men, it is equally the duty of all mankind, including the millions who comprise the religious community. But the ultimate burden rests with those who have assumed moral leadership. And this includes Cardinal McIntyre, that old man of silence who still resides in his Bishop's Palace.

There is a curious philosophical link between Cardinal McIntyre, who is a religious leader, and Senator Goldwater, who wishes to be a president. One rides an ancient bark, the other, a lumbering Conestoga wagon, and if both had their way, Church and State would be carried back to those tranquil days where six-guns and the Inquisition settled matters both quickly and unequivocally.

These are two men who simply fail to recognize that the world of their fuzzy dreams bears no relation to reality. Senator Goldwater thinks he can reinstate *laissez-faire*, Cardinal McIntyre thinks he can perpetuate sixteenth century religious precepts. The Senator and Cardinal would treat communists with appropriate firmness, the former by atomizing them and the latter by anathematizing them. Neither man cares for the masses or the dispossessed, they can only identify with the successful, with those who have stored up sufficient treasure to prove righteousness.

It is no coincidence that Goldwater forces dominate the Southern California political scene. As leader of one and a half million Catholics, Cardinal McIntyre's extraordinary stand on race, his heavy concentration on finances and his support of the John Birch Society, as well as his newspaper's constant hate-communism campaign, have directly aided and comforted those forces that make up the Goldwater philosophy. The Cardinal has created an atmosphere of fear and apprehension that restricts liberal energies to sporadic and disjointed outbursts that are quickly squelched by the Cardinal himself or by his journalistic lackeys.

No one can be certain that the Cardinal will vote for the Senator on November 3rd, but if the tables were reversed, it is quite certain that the Senator would

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letter from Los Angeles

ALMOST AS SOON as I arrived in this city once dedicated to Our Lady Queen of the Angels, it seemed that Cardinal James Francis McIntyre was a man marked for persecution by a motley, loosely organized band of fervent young Catholic laymen and laywomen who had been misled by their Catholic college professors into believing that their faith was supposed to have some relevance to life. Not long before I was re-assigned to Los Angeles, I had written a book on Pope John's ecumenical council, which rather firmly established me as a "progressive Catholic." Some even counted me among a "new breed" of "angry young men" in the Church. And so it was not long before the angry young men of this archdiocese sought me out to apprise me of the sad state of the Church in Los Angeles.

The Cardinal, they told me, headed "an outlaw church" running on "secret policies, secretly enforced" which, after some digging and delving, I took to mean that the Cardinal and his chancery officials tended to exercise their considerable ecclesiastical power to suppress not only the vital new movements in the Church (for example, the Biblical movement, the ecumenical movement and the liturgical movement) but even, by an official (unwritten) order, to prohibit priests from preaching on interracial justice, an issue on which recent Popes have attempted to instruct the faithful by means of certain clear statements in their social encyclicals. Challenged, the angry young men of Los Angeles agreed that the Cardinal hadn't exactly suppressed the Popes' encyclicals. He had, in fact, had them printed in *The Tidings*, official organ of the archdiocese. He just didn't want anyone trying to *apply* them.

What developed, of course, is now history. The Cardinal was first attacked in print in the pages of this periodical (RAMPARTS, Summer, 1964) by an unnamed priest from Northern California who, rumor had it, had lived in Southern California until he told a group of Catholic college girls what, quite frankly, was wrong with racial segregation in the United States today.

A young priest stationed in a Negro parish in the Los Angeles suburb of Compton quickly offered corroboration of the charges in RAMPARTS. Father William H. DuBay, 29, his knees shaking with the audacity of it all, told a crowded press conference at the Greater Los Angeles Press Club that he had just cabled Pope Paul asking him to remove Cardinal McIntyre for "gross malfeasance in office." Father DuBay said that his archbishop "has perpetrated inexcusable abuses in two areas: he has failed to exercise moral leadership among the white Catholics of this diocese on racial discrimination; and he had conducted a vicious program of intimidation and repression against priests, seminarians and laity who have tried to reach the consciences of white Catholics in his archdiocese."

Negro Catholics promptly picketed the chancery office, to second his sentiments. Another priest who had been a seminary classmate of Father DuBay, Father Terrence Halloran, told the local press that Father DuBay's charges were true. Local Catholic lay groups publicly expressed their agreement with Father DuBay. Newspapers and television contributed to the conflagration by running stories for almost two weeks.

National magazines played the story, with sympathy for Father DuBay, and *The Commonweal*, a Catholic magazine that has crusaded for a Catholic relevance in the United States for more years than Father DuBay has birthdays, devoted practically a full issue to a pair of articles that were as impassioned as any carried.

The Cardinal said nothing and *The Tidings* told its 121,747 subscribers that the Cardinal's silence was as that of Jesus before Pilate. *The Tidings* said nothing about Father DuBay's subsequent silence, rammed

Robert Blair Kaiser

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down his throat under pain of excommunication by Msgr. Ben Hawkes, Chancellor.

His Eminence had difficulty maintaining that stance. Perhaps the little Negro school children picketing and singing "Holy God We Praise Thy Name" and chanting the rosary below his chancery window was more than he could bear.

To strike back, the Cardinal reached out for a weapon. The nearest thing at hand was something that a visiting priest from a far-off diocese has termed "the Los Angeles heresy." Briefly stated, it runs something like this: "Whenever a moral issue finds its way on to the ballot, it automatically becomes a political issue, and therefore, the Church should not become involved in it."

As the pickets marched below a chancery window, Msgr. Hawkes, the Chancellor, issued McIntyre's ice-breaker. (The Cardinal, it seemed, was attending the funeral of a Negro lady. It is not recorded that he has attended funerals of Negro ladies before or since.)

"The signs displayed today," McIntyre's statement ran, "openly revealed the objective of the picket action. *It is now evident* that this objective is Initiative No. 14 (repeal of the Rumford Act), which will be on the November ballot."

McIntyre's statement of the Los Angeles heresy is not notably lucid. It is cast in a kind of heavy clericalese that is somehow easier to scorn: "When an issue is submitted to the people for vote, it does not behoove the Archbishop of Los Angeles to encourage the clergy to presume to direct the faithful in the expression of their individual judgment and consequent vote. In such political matters, our position is to leave the decision to the individual conscience."

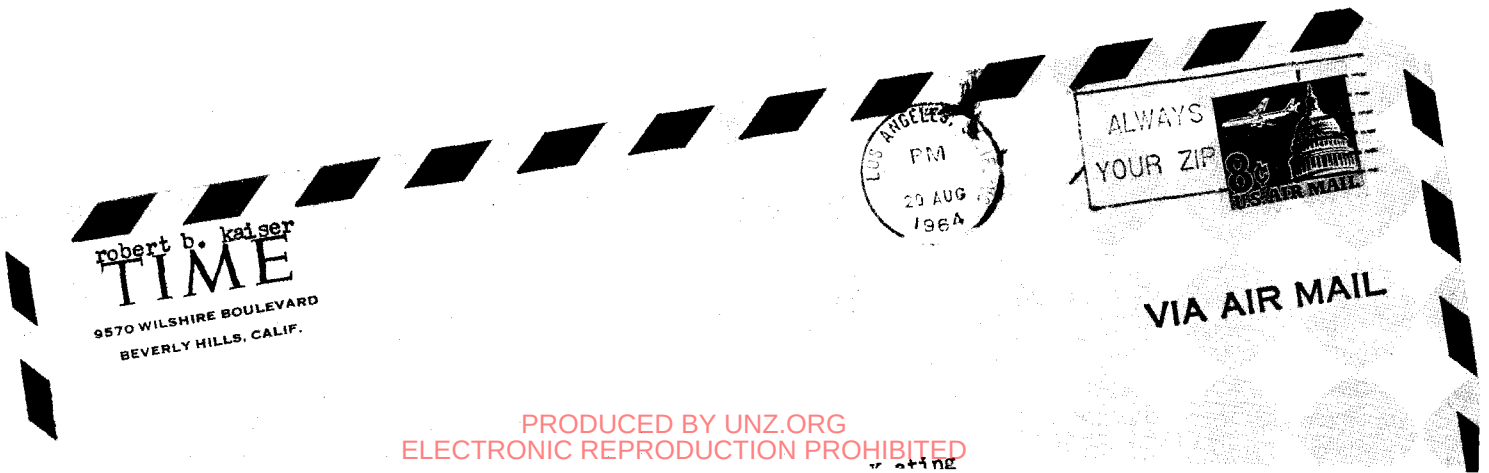
A priest-theologian from the East was preaching in a California Valley town recently. Witness what he said of the McIntyre doctrine:

"There is an insidious heresy gaining currency these days, and it seems to have originated in an area somewhat south of this fair city. It says, briefly, that some issues are moral and some are purely political. This is incredible and has been scarce heard of since King Tut-ankh-amen's time. If it develops unchallenged and unchecked, it will undermine the social teaching of all the prophets and apostles. It will subvert the teaching of the great social encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII, Pius XI, Pius XII and John XXIII. It contradicts the explicit teaching of Christ Himself by trying to remove one area of human action and concern—namely political activity—from the jurisdiction and judgment of the human conscience. Every act, every decision, that a Christian takes is either moral or immoral. In any action, in any decision, a Christian is either obeying or disobeying God. There is no middle ground, no neutral territory, where a Christian can withdraw and claim that his activity there is purely political."

IN THE CASE of Proposition 14, an initiative designed to legalize segregation, no one, not even the Cardinal's sole defender in the public prints, former California Justice Thomas P. White, will admit that there is no moral issue here. Practically every church leader in California, Cardinal McIntyre excepted, has come out publicly against Proposition 14. All of them, presumably, have found little difficulty in seeing that their religious witness demands *this*, at least, from them.

Cardinal McIntyre's only out, then, is to bring forward the stunning principle: if a moral issue is also political, hands off.

If the Cardinal's heresy were a sincere one, he might have more defenders among Church progressives. Many of them feel, however, that the Cardinal would not care to defend his heresy in a direct confrontation with anyone. (Lately he has consistently



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declined to see the present writer even though he had never before refused me.) The Cardinal did not hesitate to mobilize California Catholics in a political fight some years ago against an initiative that would have levied taxes against Catholic schools, and, more recently, he has issued statements condemning the Supreme Court's school prayer ruling.

Ideally, of course, no bishop or priest *should* tell his people how to vote. A Catholic laity which needs this kind of specific direction hasn't grown up, is still mired in an outmoded clericalism. The hierarchy has a duty to preach and teach on faith and morals (though many of them prefer to say they have a *right* to do so; the semantic difference between *duty* and *right* in this context betrays an unhealthy pompous attitude in itself), but that duty stops somewhere before the people get to the ballot box. Otherwise, the hierarchy would be playing the role of so many ward bosses.

Practically, however, in the concrete *de facto* situation, Catholics have grown used to meticulous moral guidance on everything from birth control to the initiative on school taxation. Given such circumstances, some say the Cardinal's silence on this housing issue, especially since other Catholic bishops in California have come out against it, amounts to outright approval.

Many suspect, therefore, that the Cardinal has only been attempting some adroit maneuvers. Or, as one outspoken theologian has put it, "whenever you want to weasel out of any important and difficult issue, you just intone the formula, 'It is not a moral issue; it is only a political issue.' "

His Eminence, many realize, has had guidance on this affair from the most competent theologians. If he's had enough guidance and still retains his ban against preaching, even in a general way, on racial justice, then he is what the theologians would call "vincibly ignorant" – that is, he is not only wrong, he's guilty as well. If he hasn't had enough guidance, then, of course, he is invincibly ignorant. If that is the case (and I suspect it is), then the Cardinal is more to be pitied than censured, though Catholics who are committed to making their Christian witness in the twentieth century may find it difficult to take a complacent attitude to anyone responsible for losing the opportunity of a lifetime to make faith relevant today.

In the meantime, these committed Catholics will, in all likelihood, continue to fill in the vacuum with every means of propaganda at their disposal. Many hope that other priests will, like Father DuBay, exercise their duty to disobey unjust laws and go ahead and preach and teach and help local Catholics form their consciences on the sin of segregation. As André Gide once pointed out, the world will not be saved only by the submissive.

What happens to the cleric who does not choose to be submissive? He has a duty to disobey unjust laws but, under the present code of Canon Law, he is a dead duck if he does.

Consider the case of Father DuBay. After he disobeyed the Cardinal's strictures against speaking on racial issues, he was told he was technically guilty of violating Canon Law 2331 which means excommunication for anyone who "pertinaciously refuses to give obedience to legitimate precepts or prohibitions of the bishop." The Cardinal himself, immune from Canon Law as "brother of the Pope" who, by reason of his medieval sovereignty, is also immune, seems to be the only judge of what is or is not a legitimate precept. There is no machinery in the Church to appeal his judgment, and Msgr. Hawkes himself admitted that any appeals to Rome are immediately returned to the bishop for local action.

According to Canon Law, the Cardinal can act "administratively or juridically," which means that he can give a man a trial or not, as he sees fit. If he does not, he can take any sort of administrative moves he wishes and apply any sanction, including excommunication.

If a defrocked Father DuBay sought relief from imposed sanctions via the civil courts, he would have been in further trouble. Canon 120 provides a bishop with immunity from civil court action. If Father DuBay and his lawyer had ignored that canon and proceeded against the Cardinal in civil court, another canon, number 2341, would have automatically excommunicated them *ipso facto*, that is, at the moment the suit was filed. Moreover, the excommunication is reserved to the Pope alone, a neat little twist that automatically removes the local bishop from the jurisdiction of any local-civil court. As a result, no civil court could order the Cardinal to restore Father DuBay; the Cardinal would plead that the matter was out of his hands and in those of the Pope. And what could a U. S. civil court do against the Pope, except hold in contempt?

Sixteenth century Church law is an absurd thing in the twentieth. We live in a different kind of world with a concept of freedom quite different from that of 400 years ago. Unfortunately, though the applications of the church law may be exercised benevolently in a community of love, the fact is that malevolence often reigns in a community of fear. Until the law changes, the Church operates under a rule of men, which is to say, a rule of whim.

ROBERT BLAIR KAISER *is the Los Angeles correspondent for* Time *magazine and the author of a book on the first session of the Vatican Council,* Pope, Council and World *(Macmillan, 1963).*

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THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES OF THE NEGRO CATHOLIC

by WARREN HINCKLE

Leon Aubry learned to cut hair the hard way. His father was a postman in rural New Orleans, in the days before parcel post, and whenever someone living along his long, circuitous route ordered anything through the mails – even a lawnmower – he had to carry it. There were no work load limits then, especially for a Negro postman, and the calluses that grew on his father's hands developed in time into tumours. That was when Leon learned how to cut hair, when his father could no longer hold the scissors with which he gave haircuts every three weeks to Leon and his seven brothers. Leon was 16 when he learned the trade, his first barber chair a large rock near his parents' frame house in New Orleans, and two years later when he graduated from high school he became a barber.

The term in New Orleans is "tonsorial artist," and Leon, displaying a respect for tradition not often evident in the neon lights and boulevards of southwestern Los Angeles, calls his barber shop at 323 West Jefferson Boulevard "Aubry's Tonsorial Parlor."

He has been thirty years a barber, and has been cuting hair at the same shop in Los Angeles for the past ten years, and this summer he got his first citation.

The barber inspector said Leon didn't wash his hands properly before he went on to the next customer. "If they want to get that technical, they can put just about every barber in the state out of business," Leon said. The citation came during Leon's second "inspection visit" of the summer – a visit soon followed by two other "inspections," all four within a six-week period. Barber inspections are normally made four times a year.

The extraordinary series of inspectors' calls were during Aubry's struggle with his cardinal, James Francis McIntyre of Los Angeles. Aubry is the leader of a group of Negro Catholics who have taken their grievances against the Cardinal's peculiar stance on race relations to the streets. They have paraded in front of the foreboding portals of exclusive Fremont Place, the site of the Cardinal's residence, and picketed the Los Angeles Chancery Office.

Aubry had to change his phone number to stop the flow of abusive telephone calls from fellow Catholics, white Catholics, who told him the "niggers" were hurting the Church. The front window of his home has been boarded up, because it faces a quiet residential street which is shadowy at night, and both his house and his barber shop have been under police protection because of bomb threats. Leon doesn't know what to make of the sudden rash of inspection visits – only one of the "inspectors" would show his credentials – but he feels, in some intangible way, that they are a manifestation of the Cardinal's displeasure. At least one state official, Los Angeles Assemblyman Charles Warren, is concerned that the inspection visits might be linked with Aubry's social protests.

Leon loves his church, and as he sees it, he is fighting to be able to live in it – and with his conscience.

"The South was black and white," he said. "They hid segregation behind the law and everybody kind of accepted it, the Church accepted it, and the Negroes in the Church learned to live with it. Negroes were always active in the Church, where I grew up in New Orleans. My father helped to build several parishes, he pitched and helped to build them with his hands, as the Negroes were always willing to do, and as soon as I was old enough I was working in the Catholic Youth Organization."

It is Aubry's brand of Catholic – those long-suffering Negroes from the South who wanted to share in the life of their church even in an openly segregated society – who compose the "outside groups" which Cardinal McIntyre is said to have described as "half-whites and mongrels" and blames for the controversy that has

Leon Aubry

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recently rocked his affluent, sprawling, conservative archdiocese.

For when Aubry and other Southern Negro Catholics came to Southern California, they expected more of the Church than they had come to expect in the deep South.

They were bitterly disappointed. "Out here, in Los Angeles, we found segregation – and segregation in many ways worse than in New Orleans, because it was more tacit and subtle. In the South, segregation was practiced under color of law, but in Cardinal McIntyre's archdiocese, it thrives in many areas behind the cloak of the Church itself."

Attacks on Cardinal McIntyre's social theory have been couched in general, often bitter terms, by Negro and white Catholics, both laymen and priests, who consider his administration an open scandal. The Cardinal, only after the attacks intensified enough to gain objective attention in the national press, attempted to answer them in terms even more general – "the well known position of the Church against racism," and "the right of the individual conscience to be wrong."

BUT LEST IT BE FORGOTTEN, the case against the Los Angeles Cardinal is grounded on hard, shocking specifics, the unheard Sorrowful Mysteries of the Negro Catholic. Listen to Leon Aubry:

"When I came to Los Angeles I found a pattern of ghetto building; when Negroes moved into a parish that was predominantly white, the white Catholics started moving out, and never a word came from the parish priest to try to stop them. As the pattern grew, this matter was constantly brought to the attention of the Chancery – the matter of the sin of racism – of white Catholics leaving and rebuking other Catholics because of their skin, but the Chancery did nothing and still refuses to work to stop it.

"In Ascension parish, seven or eight years ago, the Mexican-Americans were up in arms because many Negroes were moving in. The parish had a large Mexican-American element, and the old pastor there, who has since died, told a group of Mexicans at a public meeting: 'Don't worry, we have a plan for getting rid of the niggers.'

"In Holy Name parish, where I live, the priest who was the pastor when Negroes started moving in reacted by simply ending all the parish social functions, bazaars, teen-club meetings and things, so the races wouldn't have to mix. The functions have come back, now the parish is almost all black and it's all right I suppose to have Catholic social gatherings since, as one priest explained it to me, 'There's no longer the problem of the white daughter coming in contact with the Negro.'

"In a Catholic grammar school here – in a third grade music class – the Sister was doing something on Stephen Foster. And she asked that all the kids with colored blood please stand up. Well, the Negroes in the class stood up, and a little Mexican boy stood up with them. The Sister told him to sit down and said that she wasn't talking about him. The Mexican boy asked why not, 'Ain't I colored like my friends here?' And the Sister said no, she just wanted the kids with *colored* blood because they could sing *Old Black Joe* so much better than the rest.

"At a Catholic school in Altadena, where Negro and white kids played together in the school yard, a priest called a 16-year-old white girl aside and told her that she shouldn't play with the 'Little Joe's' any more, meaning the Negro boys her age, because they were getting to be 'Big Black Joes.' She told one of her friends, a Negro, what the priest said, and he told his parents.

"Just a few months ago Vernon Mitchell, a Negro, bought a house in a Catholic parish in Burbank. His Catholic neighbors got together and decided they didn't want a Negro living there and they came to his house and asked him to move out. He went to the parish priest and asked him to talk to the people, but the priest refused. The priest told him: 'These are white Catholics, members of the parish. If they don't want you here, you're just going to have to get out.' And I know of very few Negro Catholics who don't have an experience like this one.

"A Negro lady, Doris Bordnave, made six trips to the Catholic girls' high school to try to get her daughter in. She finally told the nun: 'If I can't get my daughter enrolled here, I'll have to send her to public school.' And the nun told her: 'Well, maybe God didn't intend for her to go to Catholic school.'

"In many parishes – it wasn't just an isolated thing – when Negroes started coming to Sunday Mass, the ushers would put them all in one section. When a Negro wouldn't sit where he was pointed, but knelt down in a white section, the whites would try and slide over and leave a few empty spaces.

"A friend of mine tried to join the Holy Name Society when he moved into Holy Name parish some years back. The priest just looked at him and said, 'What do you mean, join the Holy Name Society!' He was really shocked at the idea. Just last year, in a new parish, St. Bernadette's, a predominantly white parish in Baldwin Hills, a customer of mine, Edward Johnson, tried to join the Holy Name Society. The priest told him he would just have to wait to get in, at least six months. But a white friend of his got him in. He told him, 'Just start coming up to the Communion rail and receiving with us every Sunday and we'll get you in,' and he did.

"About six years ago, when my brother's boy was in Catholic grammar school here, he signed up to go into the seminary. All his papers were right, but when he got there he was told they didn't take Negroes unless their skin was at least a little lighter than his. Then my brother went to his parish priest to complain about this, and the priest said, 'Why Mr. Aubry, why didn't you tell me your son wanted to be a priest, I

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the conscience of a cardinal

Conscience *Your continued silence concerning the racist language of the proposed constitutional amendment to nullify California's new fair housing law forces me to hound you in this manner.*

Cardinal McIntyre The Archdiocese has consistently refrained from advising or suggesting preference in political matters. When an issue is submitted to the people for vote, it does not behoove the Archbishop of Los Angeles to encourage the clergy to presume to direct the faithful in the expression of their individual judgment and consequent vote. In such political matters, our position is to leave the decision to the individual conscience.

Conscience *You must be aware of the giant inconsistency of your position. You led two successful political campaigns to defeat a parochial school tax on the California ballot. You have denounced Supreme Court decisions on Bible reading. You have endorsed the new civil rights bill. You have opposed Federal aid to education. Further,* The Tidings, *the Archdiocesan paper of which you are publisher, actively agonizes over the fate of Madame Nhu, attacks civil disobedience, fumes about how the U.S. is going down the drain and smolders about the Red menace at home and abroad. There is every indication that you are very concerned about molding the opinion of your people on political matters.*

Cardinal McIntyre In each example you mention, the Church is substantially involved. Thus, it is my duty as Ordinary of this Archdiocese to make certain positions clear to the faithful. The feeling of the Church on the race question is clear on the printed page for all to see. The Los Angeles area has a brilliant record on integration, particularly in housing. Agitators are trying to separate me from my flock, much in the way that Communists stir up people of good will.

Conscience *One thing should be made quite clear both to you, Eminence, and to the faithful of your Archdiocese. Five Catholic bishops in California refuse to regard Proposition 14 as a purely political matter. Archbishop McGucken of San Francisco, Bishop Donohoe of Stockton, Bishop Bell of Sacramento and the bishops of Oakland and Santa Rosa can hardly be considered agitators. Bishop Donohoe, co-author of the arguments for "No on 14," has suggested that politics is a branch of ethics and that, in such questions as the initiative raises, the moral framework must be exercised. Bishop Bell has urged his priests to denounce the initiative from the pulpit and has condemned the racist language as un-Christian and immoral.* The Tidings *has yet to open its editorial mouth on the subject. Yet, the church IS involved.*

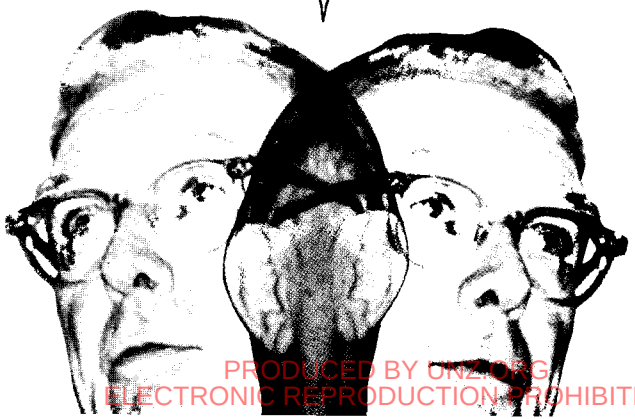
Cardinal McIntyre Quite naturally, I am concerned by all the confusion on the subject. Most importantly, I fear for my people who are not always ready for complex problems such as this matter presents. Property rights are important to all Americans and yet, I know that human rights must precede them. This is my difficulty: how can I avoid "rocking the boat" with many prominent Catholic laymen, some of them Papal Knights, who support the initiative and also contribute heavily to the Archdiocese. More simply how does the spiritual leader of the flock exert leadership over the political animal in man?

Conscience *I refer you to the 1963 joint pastoral letter to the American people by the Bishops of the United States on racial harmony. It said, in part: "We insist that the heart of the race question is moral and religious. It concerns the rights of man and our attitude toward our fellow man." There is no mention of race or discrimination being a political issue.*

Cardinal McIntyre The radicals and agitators will cry for more and more if such a statement is forthcoming. How can these people be quieted once and forever?

Conscience *I am your individual conscience and it seems to me your duty on this matter is clear. You have a brilliant record of achievement in such areas as school construction, financial acumen and articulation on the Church's position on major subjects. Put on the Red Hat, take up the crosier, swat the bigots and the merchants of fear and hate.* Tell *your prominent Catholic laymen,* tell *your priests!*

Cardinal McIntyre Perhaps a summit meeting of the Catholic hierarchy throughout California is in order. The Bar-Jonah may not be the ideal place but, Conscience, you have given me some good thoughts. On your way out, ask Monsignor Hawkes to step in. I think he should be the first to know my feelings.



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know a place where we can get him in.' The place was outside the archdiocese.

"One of my friend's boys was standing next to a nun in the school yard at recess, and two other boys, a white and a Negro, were fighting on the ground. The nun went over and grabbed the white boy by the neck and she said, 'Let that little nigger alone, you beat him up enough.'

"For a long time, and in some cases it's still true now, it was easier for non-Catholics to get into Catholic schools in Los Angeles than for Negro Catholics."

IN THE LONG LIST OF ATROCITY STORIES about Cardinal McIntyre's archdiocese – where the liberal Swiss theologian Hans Küng is banned and where reading materials, even such placid Catholic journals as *Ave Maria*, are kept out of the seminary – Aubry's revelations are disheartening, but not unique. The Cardinal did not install racial prejudice with him when he assumed the throne in Los Angeles; the roots were long there. The battle cry of the Cardinal's opponents is that he has countenanced those roots of hate, protected them, and, worse, refused even to allow any Catholic priests so inclined to try and weed them out.

When Father William DuBay held his now famous press conference and asked for the Cardinal's removal, he made a charge that the Cardinal has not even taken the trouble to deny: "Cardinal McIntyre stated that there are many valid reasons for segregation and declared that, 'After all, white parents have a right to protect their daughters.' "

The Cardinal's intransigence has had its effect: there are now eight parishes in his archdiocese which are, basically, Negro ghettos. This situation has been buttressed by a building program that can be most charitably described as "separate but equal." The Cardinal is said to be especially proud of Verbum Dei, the new Catholic high school in the Negro ghetto of Compton. "We have built a fine school for the Negroes out in Compton," he told an acquaintance of Aubry's.

Yet Catholic laymen – until Aubry and his "outsiders" formed a group called Catholics United for Racial Equality (CURE) in 1963 – have not been protesting vociferously.

Aubry attributes this to two factors: first, that many Negro Catholics raised under this policy of tacitly blessed segregation came to accept it, much as the Negroes in the South learned to live with segregation in the Church there. It took the influx of Southern Negro Catholics, unwilling to accept the same conditions in "free" California, to spark open protest.

Also, the Cardinal is a bad man for an enemy. He runs a tight ship in Los Angeles, and he is rich and extremely powerful. He is doubly influential because his political and social philosophy makes him the darling of the ultra-conservatives who are gradually gaining control of Southern California. Stories of the Cardinal's retaliatory powers are legend. Aubry said that many Negroes are frankly afraid to join in any public protest movement because they fear losing their jobs, or having their children excluded from Catholic schools.

The Cardinal did a memorable job of striking back after DuBay's telegram to Pope Paul, Aubry said. He quickly impaled the young priest on a spear of Canon Law, silenced him, and after the story died down in the press, assigned DuBay to a parish where almost every car in the church parking lot on Sunday sports a Goldwater bumper strip.

Negro Catholics who paraded in support of DuBay, Aubry said, were immediately subjected to "a program of intimidation." Visits by priests, and oppressively frequent and long visits by a Catholic social service nun, were made to their homes. "Some of the visits lasted as long as 12 hours," Aubry said, "and the families were subjected to incredible pressures. They were told they were ruining the Church for everyone, hurting their own cause. Many people finally had to ask the Sister to leave."

Aubry, a dignified, white-haired man, believes that the Cardinal's policies are daily sending members of his race from the Church. "In St. Agnes, a Negro parish, the convert class has dropped off to nothing. How can a Negro Catholic equate what the Church says with what it does – and what it doesn't do? How long before you say, 'Scrap it all, forget it, I can do my praying at home'?

"Go to Mass on Sunday and you never hear anything about race, despite all our pleas to the Chancery office. They act as if the problem didn't exist. And *The Tidings*, the Catholic paper, never prints news about civil rights. Not a letter, not anything. It runs ads for the John Birch Society, but it refused an ad for a rally where Martin Luther King spoke."

The pulpit is closed, and so is the press, and the Cardinal's almost complete insularity makes future clashes inevitable. Aubry has tried to get an appointment with McIntyre for six years now, but is relegated to conferences with lower echelons who suggest things like CURE members joining the Knights of Columbus. ("I told the Monsignor who suggested that, 'Look, the Knights of Columbus didn't want Negroes in there for thirty years, and we sure as hell don't want to join now.' ")

Aubry knows of only one Negro who actually made it to the Cardinal and got what he wanted from him. "This neighbor of mine, a carpenter, couldn't get his daughter into a Catholic school. He did a lot of free work for the parish, but the priest said sorry, no go. He went to the Chancery office and they told him the same thing. So he waited out in the parking lot all day, and finally a big black Cadillac drove up and the Cardinal got out and started to go in a back door to the building. The man got to the door before it shut and grabbed the Cardinal's arm and said, 'You're going to talk to me about my daughter.' My neighbor weighed 250 pounds and the Cardinal talked. He got his kid in."

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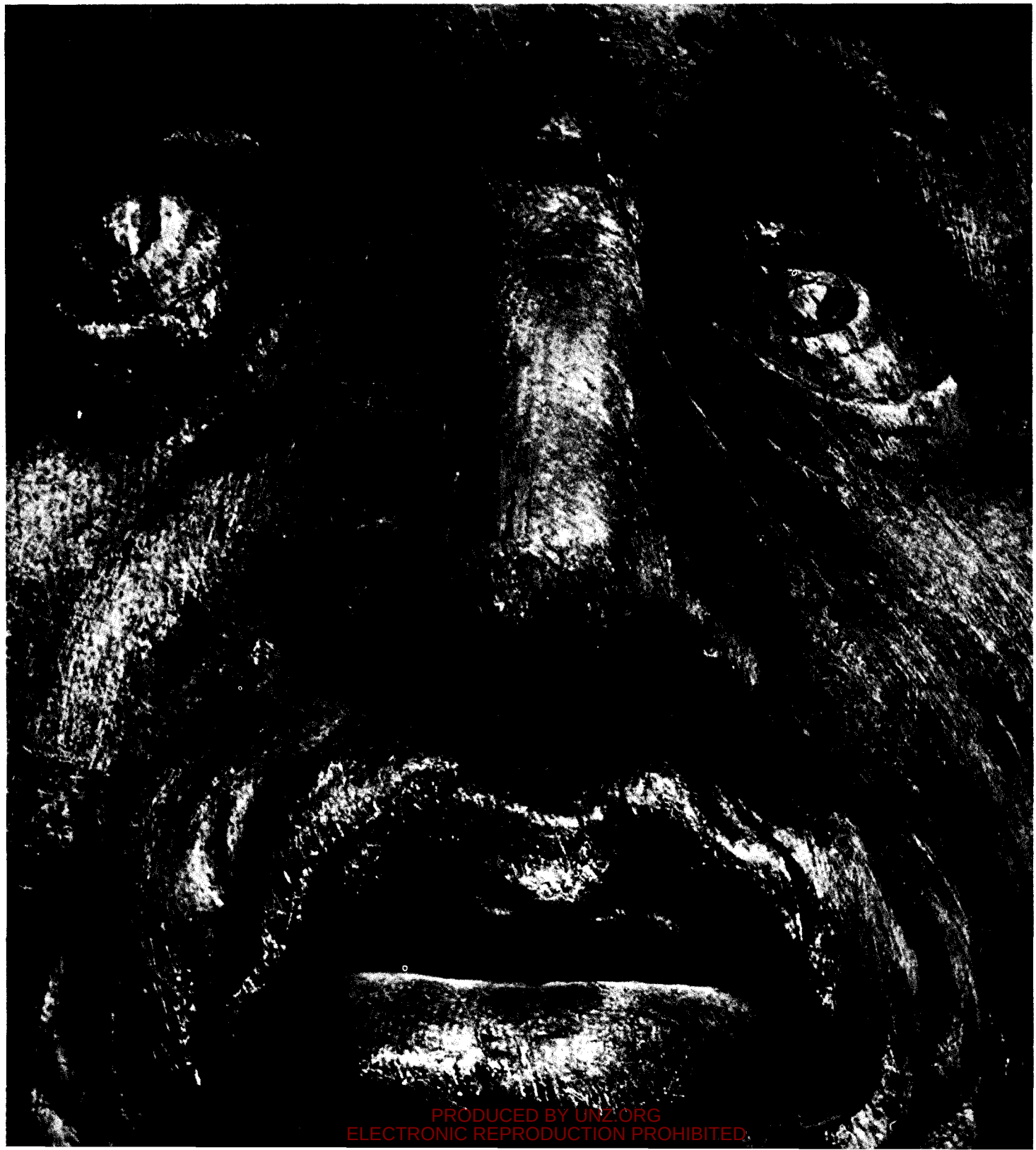
Poet Philosopher Photographer

a portfolio by Vilem Kriz



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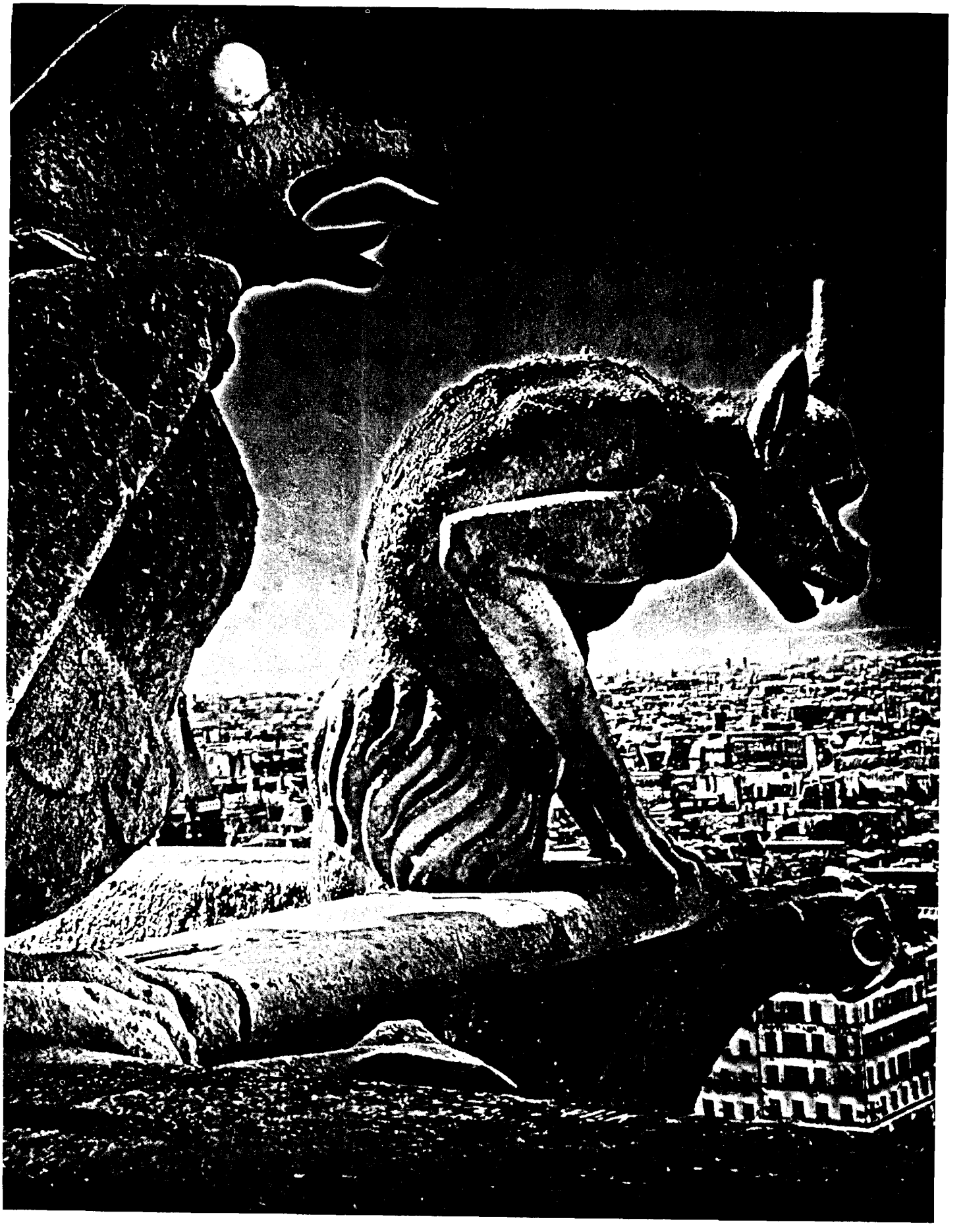

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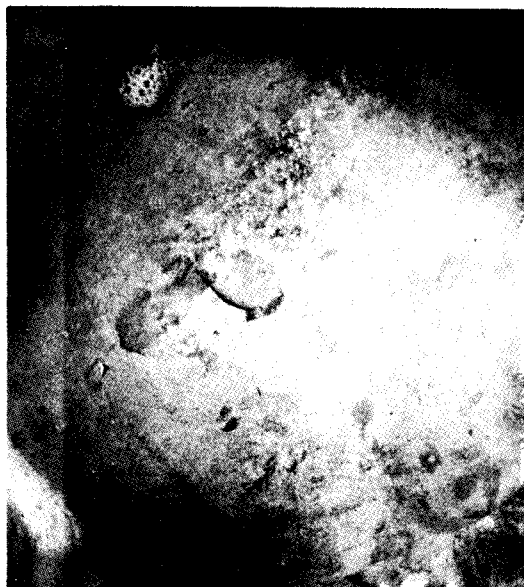

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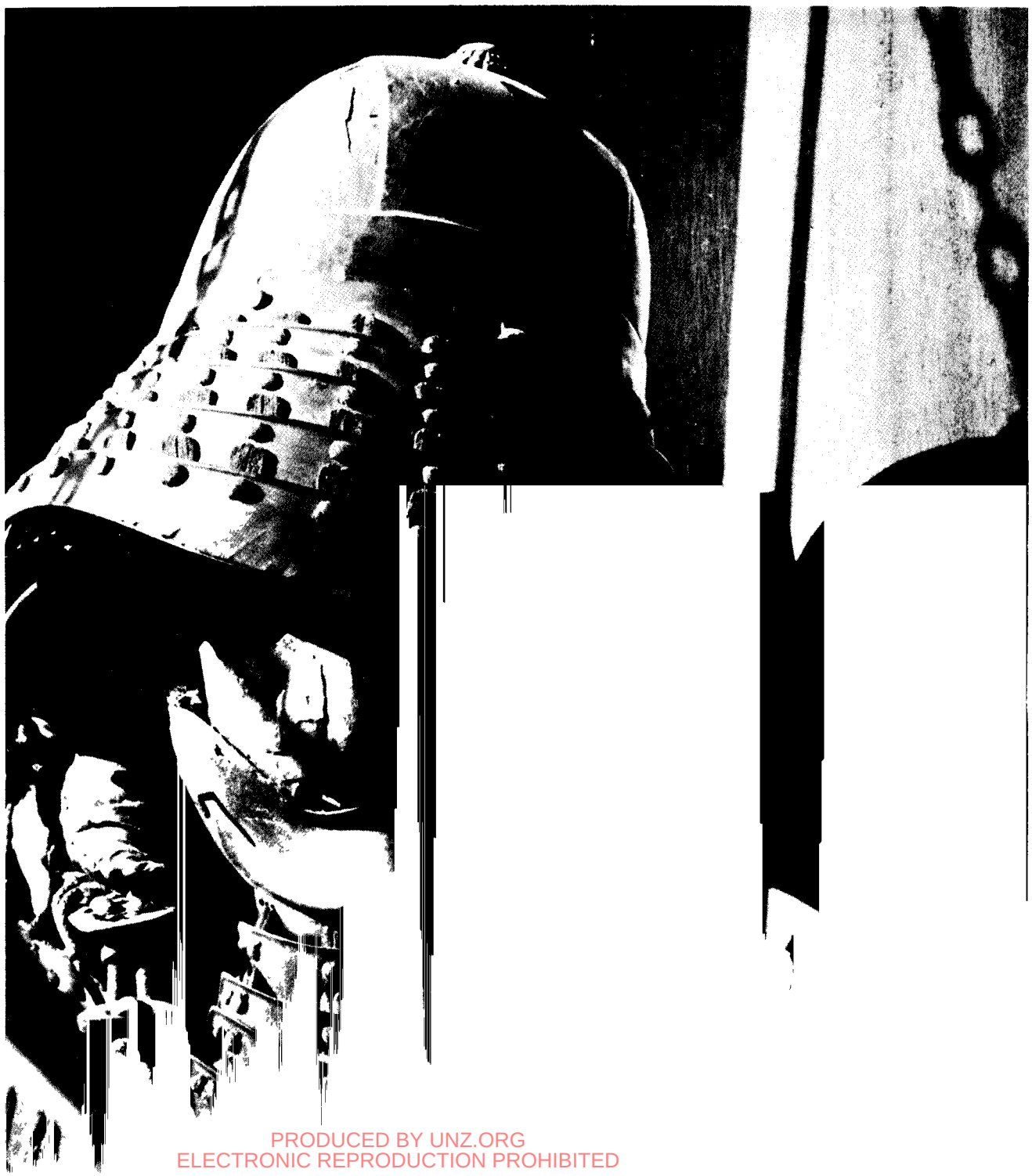

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BOOK REVIEWS

Old age of a titan

SANTAYANA: The Later Years, A Portrait with Letters by Daniel Cory. New York: George Braziller, Inc. 330 pp. $7.50.

Reviewed by JOHN HENRY RALEIGH of the English Department of the University of California (Berkeley).

EVERY MAN HAS A RIGHT to his aberrations, and one of Santayana's seems to have been Mr. Daniel Cory. In 1927 when Santayana was sixty-three the two men met in Rome, and there began, in Cory's words, "the intellectual romance of my life." In 1928, only a year and a half after the first meeting, Santayana had appointed Cory, now his secretary, his literary executor. One of the positive results of this relationship was Mr. Cory's edition of *The Letters of George Santayana* in 1955. That edition, however, contained none of the over three hundred letters of Santayana to Cory, which are now partially revealed in the present volume. There is no better way to introduce this volume than to quote Santayana himself, from the *Letters,* in a letter to Mrs. C. H. Toy dated in 1939: "I also have all my unpublished manuscripts (sent from Rome with my winter clothes) to revise and correct—or burn—in view of not leaving too much to the decision of my literary executor." But, of course, the philosopher could have no control or jurisdiction over the personal letters he had sent over the years to Mr. Cory.

In the *Portrait* these letters are quoted from liberally but selectively and without objective, scholarly documentation of the letters themselves. Further, some events in Santayana's life are reconstructed from memory—at times, even, in the form of direct discourse—which, as the author admits, is a notoriously unreliable instrument. This part of the portrait is probably in the same class as Julian Hawthorne's memoirs. Finally, to further vitiate his picture, the author insists on telling *his* story too, undoubtedly the first and last time it will be told. In his own words, "the fundamental defect of this book ... [may be considered to be] a willful refusal to keep either the trivial events of my life, or my casual opinions, *out of the picture of Santayana*."

Thus *Santayana: The Later Years* tends to break in two. First there is Mr. Cory's life and its relationship to an aspect of Santayana's life that is less edifying than one might have suspected. But, second, there is the progress, profusely illustrated, of Santayana's luminous mind unabatedly continuing, right down to the end, its lifelong discourse with his host the world, or, as he would have put it, with nature and history. Nothing, it seems, could stop this glowing process, and, as one is initially rather depressed by the story that is being told, one ends up lost in admiration at the poise, range, and equilibrium of Santayana's intellect, surely one of the great minds of the twentieth century.

I have no information about this peculiar relationship beyond what is contained in this book, but the story seems to have gone something like this. As a young, "on the make," "philosopher-poet," without a college degree and with no academic connections, Cory wrote an analysis, based upon *Scepticism and Animal Faith,* of Santayana's philosophy which he sent to the Master, who approved it. Supported by Santayana's letter of approval, Cory's essay was submitted to and later published in *The Journal of Philosophical Studies.* (Cory mentions having other pieces published in this same journal.) Following the meeting and the beginning of the intellectual romance of Mr. Cory's life came something even more substantial: cash, for Santayana supported Cory for years to come.

Soon Charles Augustus Strong, another American philosopher, with whom Santayana had a long-standing and difficult friendship, came into the picture, for he too, on a regular basis, contributed to Cory's support. But because Strong was not a "great man" (all he cared about, said Santayana, was his work, his health, and his duty), he gets short shrift from Cory, not averse to biting the hand that feeds, and is always seen in the book as a figure of contentious tedium with his endless quibbles about epistemology (no doubt a fairly accurate, if ungenerous, portrait). To say that things got sticky and tense at times among these three improbable cohorts would be putting it mildly, even though they were often separated. Thus when Cory is acting as Strong's secretary and being paid by him: "The thirty pounds a month that Strong allowed me was more than ample for all essential expenses: one could live decently in Italy in those days on three pounds a week—the price I paid at my *pensione* on the Arno. But unknown to Strong, about every three months Santayana would enclose a handsome check for, say, twenty-five pounds in one of his letters. I fear I became quite a dandy for a while, with several new lounge suits cut from the best English material by the leading tailor in Florence."

On and on it goes for years: "I send you a cheque which includes your Christmas present" (Santayana to Cory, 1932); "I will send you another £10 for your Oxford trip ..." (Santayana to Cory, 1936). Occasionally one can hear an eruption from the forthright Dr. Strong.

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When Cory contemplated marriage, about which he was very dubious if his support from his two patrons was to be cut off, he requested Santayana, who had met and accepted the bride-to-be, to sound out Strong about Strong's will in which there was to be a bequest, in the nature of a fellowship, for Cory. Santayana replied (1934): "On receiving your long letter, I sounded S. as best I could on the subject of your possible marriage, and of his intentions. 'How much,' I asked, 'does Cory know about the dispositions in your will?' '*Nothing!*' he roared. And after a while he observed that 'what Cory needs is to earn his own living.'" One can also hear, clicking genteel disapproval in the background, the Sturgis family, Santayana's Boston connections, who went into direct action only when the old philosopher attempted to assign *all* royalties from *Persons and Places*, a Book of the Month Club choice, to Cory. (*The Last Puritan* had, after its distribution by the Book of the Month Club, sold 148,000 copies and earned Santayana a royalty check of $30,100.) The Sturgises did manage to block this largess.

Money is the most important thing here, but sex is not far behind. Again we are spared nothing. Early in the game Cory gets it established that he is strongly heterosexual, of "the cult of Venus" as he elegantly puts it, and that Santayana is homosexual—he quotes (from memory) Santayana as saying that at Harvard he [Santayana] was an "unconscious homosexual" and was disapproved of for this, especially by William James. In a similar vein Bertrand Russell had once remarked that Santayana's prized "essences" were "due to emotional privation," which remark Cory was kind enough to pass on to the philosopher himself: "Santayana was definitely shocked and our conversation came to a dead halt." Once Cory picked up a venereal infection—duly reported—and Santayana paid the medical bill, with a mild remonstrance that Cory did not have to keep on proving himself a man.

One of the fictions that held together this odd relationship was that Cory was a promising young philosopher and, of course, a "disciple." But Cory's books had a habit of not working out. He gave up on his proposed "A B C of Epistemology" when it occurred to him, modestly enough, that "perhaps" Bertrand Russell was better fitted for the job. The next project is "Michael," a novel about incest, and this disappears too. What the truth was about the relationship I do not know, and the explanation for the deep-set emotional need it satisfied in Santayana's nature I leave to professional analysts, although I could make some guesses which would reveal nothing sensational, only pathos. Looking at it from a purely commonsense point of view, I would say, having got over my initial distaste, that the friendship was probably a very satisfactory pact. It gave Cory, for what this is worth, a glimpse of glory he would never have had, and it obviously gave some happiness and did no apparent damage to Santayana. Men, especially unattached ones with private incomes, usually get what they need or want.

But *Santayana: The Last Years* is also paradoxical and is as exciting from one perspective as it is dreary from another. For alongside the old man having his last, pathetic, emotional fling, there is the old sage and the wise man, hardly ever, if ever, deceived about the nature of things. In 1934 he wrote to his protégé: "I like to divide you (like ancient Gaul) into three parts: first, the intuitive, poetic, warm, Irish part, which (at least for me) is the foundation of everything and your true self. Second, the cheeky, intelligent, but slightly low part; and third, (less constitutional and I hope transitory), the American philosophical seminar part." It should be added that Cory, Part I, does not appear in this biography although I have no doubt he must have existed.

Or Santayana's opinion of an article by Cory, which is an acute, if unconscious, prophecy of the style of the present portrait: "Your style is not sedentary enough: you are ogling the ladies in the front row; you are preoccupied with yourself and not always (in spite of many strong passages) lost in your subject."

For Santayana always remained, no matter what his various emotional states, imperious, alive, and acute intellectually and this in what can only be described as an awesome manner. Thus by the latter part of the book, Cory, who is his own hero at the beginning, has, for this reader anyway, disappeared, as the spectacle of the omnipotence of mind of the old man becomes more enthralling. And it was not only a question of the creative work that Santayana was doing in these last years in his sixties, seventies, and eighties: *The Last Puritan*, the autobiographical volumes, the massive *Dominations and Powers*, which has never received the attention that it should have, and the one-volume redaction of *The Life of Reason*, on which Cory collaborated. In addition, Santayana remained incredibly alive to both the old and the new in human thought; in fact there seemed to be for him no old or new in the realm of the mind. Everything of value ever written, from the Upanishads to Heidegger and Sartre, was permanently relevant, and he lived, mentally, in a kind of intellectual continuum from which space and time had been banished. Thus, on the one hand, he was repelled by modern confusion and by modern ideological "monotheism" with its herd instinct for some Absolute; he would accordingly dive back, imaginatively, into the past, a place of less confusion and more variety: "I am reading the Upanishads, St. Augustine's *Confessions*, and Spinoza's *Politics*, to take the bad taste out of my mouth." But, on the other hand, he was intensely, uniquely modern, and in an acutely self-conscious manner: "There is a certain pleasure and excitement in being ultra critical and modern, while remaining perfectly orthodox." Thus, one by one, as the new forces in modern thought and literature come over the horizon, in the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties, he is aware of them and reacting to them. To mention only a few: Eliot and *Criterion*, Pound, Lawrence, Heidegger (whom he immediately admired), C. S. Lewis, Toynbee, Jaspers, Sartre, Camus, and Robert Lowell (about whom he was instantly enthusiastic). At the same time his eye was always on the middle distance: Spinoza, in "nice strong Latin"; an act a day of Shakespeare in 1932; in 1935 *The Way of All Flesh* (because he was told it was like *The Last Puritan*) and "have to laugh aloud like a lunatic"; in 1938 Rim-

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baud, the Bhagavadgita and "to redress the balance," two of Anthony Trollope's novels, which "seem to be now no longer regarded as vulgar trash . . ." As a man who considered himself an American writer, he was always freshly interested in other American writers, especially Emerson. In 1937 he was rereading Emerson "with pleasure," Hervey Allen's book on Poe ("shockingly ill-written yet interesting"), and Hawthorne ("more of a slave of his time than Poe"). One of the pleasures of Robert Lowell's *Lord Weary's Castle* was "the shock of recognition." It was, he said, thoroughly American in themes and in allegiance, and Moby Dick was in the background. Lowell's lines revived, quite literally, the actual tang and feel of the New England landscape and seascape of his own boyhood. When he was visited by Pound in 1939, he immediately saw in his visitor another Thoreau, full of scraps of culture, but "lost, lost, lost in the intellectual world."

At the same time his critical intelligence hardly ever slept, and he was the last person to be caught up by modern intellectual fads, as interested as he was in them: "Will you explain how Eliot and the Archbishop of Canterbury can celebrate the memory of Thomas à Becket who was a martyr for Papal Supremacy?" And Eliot's *Criterion* he described as "a mixture of absurdity and earnestness, of weird superstition and competence." Nor could he himself be easily flattered, intellectually. When John Hall Wheelock, the *Scribner's* editor, wrote that in reading *Dominations and Powers* he had the sensation of listening to great music, Santayana commented: "It is exaggerated praise without mentioning any real merits; 'highest type of music' is nonsense."

He was an authentic, and rare, skeptic. As he described it, realists have holes, and idealists have nests, but the skeptic has nowhere to lay his head. His mind then remained perpetually open, and he confessed to never having felt boredom until he was eighty-eight and nearly blind.

Come anything from Daniel Cory to World War II, he maintained a kind of mental equilibrium, an intellectual sufficiency, an unfailing irony, by which he could set himself off from "most" modern philosophers who are "expected to be thoroughly confused in general, and very scholastic in detail." "All I care for is to sift the *truth* from traditional imagination, without impoverishing the latter." For his mind always had a kind of monolithic quality, always the same, from the age of twenty to the age of eighty. He is usually his own best analyst on all these matters: "This is because my mind (though not my speech) is poetical: I am thinking afresh my old thoughts at every step: so that I neither lapse nor advance."

The last felicity of the skeptical mind is to take seriously, and enjoy the contemplation of, the historical (not the personal) "might-have-beens." All his life Santayana had been the foe of historical determinism and its Germanic, Hegelian origins. He thought that there were such things as historical mistakes, wrong-turnings: history did not have to have happened as it did. As a philosopher, he thought of these matters as mental wrong-turnings. Accordingly, it was fitting that his last projected book – he was in his eighties, nearly blind, and, of course, could never complete the project – was to be entitled *Les Faux Pas de la Philosophie*. He was finally trying to think outside time, and, according to Cory, one of his last utterances was –

What comes before or after does not matter, and this is especially so when one is dying. It is so easy for me now to see things under the form of eternity – and in particular that little fragment called my life.

The Muses of Academe

AT THE END OF THE OPEN ROAD by Louis Simpson. Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan. 70 pp. Paperbound edition, $1.45. Cloth, $4.00.

HELMETS by James Dickey. Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan. 90 pp. Paperbound edition, $1.85. Cloth, $4.00.

THE SPECTRAL BOY by Donald Petersen. Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan. 70 pp. Paperbound edition, $1.85. Cloth, $4.00.

Reviewed by NANCY SULLIVAN of the English Department of Rhode Island College.

PERHAPS there is no significance in the fact, but it is an interesting coincidence that both Louis Simpson and James Dickey published their first books of poetry in another distinguished although now defunct poetry project, the Scribner's *Poets of Today* series. During its seven years of activity, the Scribner's series published twenty-one first books of poetry, three poets to a volume, under the editorship of John Hall Wheelock. Simpson's first book, *Good News of Death and Other Poems*, shared a volume with poems by Norma Farber and Robert Pack. James Dickey's first book, *Into the Stone and Other Poems*, appeared along with the work of Paris Leary and Jon Swan. Now both Simpson and Dickey have published third volumes, and each poet has published his second and third books under the imprint of another extremely active and important poetry series, The Wesleyan Poetry Program, published by the Wesleyan University Press in Middletown, Connecticut. Before looking more specifically at the work of Louis Simpson, James Dickey, and Donald Petersen, let me describe the work of this unique Program.

The Wesleyan Poetry Program, under the direction of Willard A. Lockwood, began with the simultaneous publication of four books of poetry in September of 1959, books by Barbara Howes, Hyam Plutzik, Louis Simpson (his second, *A Dream of Governors*), and James Wright. Unlike the Scribner's and Yale Series which publish only first books, the Wesleyan Program pub-

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lishes both first books and second, third, and etc. ones. They also publish more titles each year than either of the other series; Scribner's published three annually, and Yale still publishes a lonely one. At present, Wesleyan publishes two titles each spring and two each fall, both in paperback and in cloth-bound editions. Among the distinguished books published so far are Alan Ansen's *Disorderly Houses* (1961), John Ashbery's *The Tennis Court Oath* (1962), Robert Bagg's *Madonna of the Cello* (1961), Robert Bly's *Silence in the Snowy Fields* (1962), Donald Davie's *New and Selected Poems* (1961), James Dickey's *Drowning With Others* (1962) and *Helmets* (1964), David Ferry's *On the Way to the Island* (1960), Robert Francis' *The Orb Weaver* (1960), Richard Howard's *Quantities* (1962), Barbara Howes' *Light and Dark* (1959), David Ignatow's *Say Pardon* (1961), Donald Justice's *The Summer Anniversaries* (1960), Chester Kallman's *Absent and Present* (1963), Vassar Miller's *Wage War on Silence* (1960) and *My Bones Being Wiser* (1963), Donald Petersen's *The Spectral Boy* (1964), Hyam Plutzik's *Apples from Shinar* (1959), Louis Simpson's *A Dream of Governors* (1959) and *At the End of the Open Road* (1963), and James Wright's *Saint Judas* (1959) and *The Branch Will Not Break* (1963). All in all, an impressive group.

Unlike Scribner's and Yale Series, the Wesleyan Program does not rely on the opinion of a single editor but has a Poetry Board consisting of four established poets whose work it is to choose the manuscripts for publication. The present Board includes John Malcolm Brinnin, Donald Hall, Denise Levertov, and Richard Wilbur. Others who have served on the Board in the past are John Hollander, William Meredith, Howard Nemerov, and Norman Holmes Pearson. Manuscripts chosen for publication are very attractively printed and publicized. The Wesleyan Press actually makes an important attempt to *sell* the books, rather an unusual innovation in our time when books of poetry are published mainly out of some vestigial moral sense and are neither advertised nor distributed adequately, evidently on the supposition that they are a losing proposition to begin with. The dynamic Poetry Program of the Wesleyan University Press has injected a refreshing and revivifying vitamin into the body of contemporary poetry.

I will look later at Donald Petersen's book, his first, but now to Simpson and Dickey again. Among the other surface similarities between these two poets is the fact that they are the same age. Both were born in 1923. There most similarities stop.

The title of Louis Simpson's Pulitzer Prize book, *At the End of the Open Road*, may be an ironic comment on the inevitable fact that Whitman's open road has turned into a turnpike. Like Whitman, Simpson sings of himself, of the country, even of Whitman in two poems specifically dedicated to him, and surely he comes out of that tradition Whitman sponsored without knowing it. This Simpson poem, "American Poetry," echoes Whitman's yarp and yowl if not his line:

Whatever it is, it must have
A stomach that can digest
Rubber, coal, uranium, moons,
poems.
Like the shark, it contains a shoe.
It must swim for miles through
the desert
Uttering cries that are almost
human.

And later in a poem called "Walt Whitman at Bear Mountain" Simpson speaks to Whitman: "Where are you, Walt? / The Open Road goes to the used-car lot." But Simpson understands that we are the ones who have made a prophet out of Whitman as we made one out of Thoreau; Whitman speaks in Simpson's poem:

'Yet, did I not warn you that it
was Myself
I advertised? Were my words
not sufficiently plain?
'I gave no prescriptions,
And those who have taken my
words for prophecies
Mistake the matter.

Simpson, obviously, does not himself wish to appear in the role of prophet either, although as poet he knows that the something he is after is not tangible. These lines from a poem called "Moving the Walls":

When men wanted the golden
fleece
It was not wool they wanted.
They were the trophies that they
sailed toward.

There is a longish poem in the center of the book called "The Marriage of Pocahontas" which tells the story of just that. Based on the evidence of that poem, I would say that Simpson's shorter poems are his best, especially his "American" poems where he deals with the everlasting problem of inner and outer nationality. This from "Lines Written Near San Francisco":

Whitman was wrong about the
People,
But right about himself. The land
is within.
At the end of the open road we
come to ourselves.

Simpson's poems add up to a good and shapely book. (It won the Pulitzer Prize, didn't it?) I quote a whole poem – funny, tired, ironic, American. It illustrates the best of what Simpson offers:

On the lawn at the villa –
That's the way to start, eh,
reader?
We know where we stand –
somewhere expensive –
You and I imperturbes, *as Walt*
would say,
Before the diversions of wealth,
you and I engagés.
On the lawn at the villa
Sat a manufacturer of explosives,
His wife from Paris,
And a young man named Bruno,
And myself, being American,
Willing to talk to these
malefactors,
The manufacturer of explosives,
and so on,
But somehow superior. By that I
mean democratic.
It's complicated, being an
American,
Having the money and the bad
conscience, both at the

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same time.
Perhaps, after all, this is not the right subject for a poem.
We were all sitting there paralyzed
In the hot Tuscan afternoon,
And the bodies of the machine-gun crew were draped over the balcony.
So we sat there all afternoon.

James Dickey's poems have also won a number of prizes and fellowships although not, as yet, the Pulitzer. His third book of poems, *Helmets*, is impressive not so much for the whole book but for the excellence of separate poems.

One thinks often in reading the work of contemporary poets that perhaps some of them should never publish books. Read separately in the magazines or quarterlies their poems seem splendid, but gathered into a book, hedged in by all the other poems that seemed so right separately, they cast less vital shadows. To some extent, this is the case with Dickey. I have been tremendously impressed by single poems, "Bums, On Waking," for example, or "The Scarred Girl" when read first in *The New Yorker*. But the book in which these are collected seems less glowing somehow despite their presence. Obviously there is more to the successful *book* of poems than the mere stockpiling of poems. What I'll do then is pull out a single poem in an attempt to show the qualities of this gifted maker of individual poems. The poem is the first in the book, "The Dusk of Horses"; it too first appeared in *The New Yorker*. Dickey is one of "their" poets. The poem is a successful attempt to think/feel a horse's sensations at the death of the day and its accompanying light. It is a thorough accomplishment:

Right under their noses, the green
Of the field is paling away
Because of something fallen from the sky.
They see this, and put down
Their long heads deeper in grass
That only just escapes reflecting them
As the dream of a millpond would.
The color green flees over the grass
Like an insect, following the red sun over
The next hill. The grass is white.
There is no cloud so dark and white at once;
There is no pool at dawn that deepens
Their faces and thirsts as this does.
Now they are feeding on solid
Cloud, and, one by one,
With nails as silent as stars among the wood
Hewed down years ago and now rotten,
The stalls are put up around them.
Now if they lean, they come
On wood on any side. Not touching it, they sleep.
No beast ever lived who understood
What happened among the sun's fields,
Or cared why the color of grass
Fled over the hill while he stumbled,
Led by the halter to sleep
On his four taxed, worthy legs.
Each thinks he awakens where
The sun is black on the rooftop,
That the green is dancing in the next pasture,
And that the way to sleep
In a cloud, or in a risen lake,
Is to walk as though he were still
In the drained field standing, head down,
To pretend to sleep when led,
And thus to go under the ancient white
Of the meadow, as green goes
And whiteness comes up through his face
Holding stars and rotten rafters,
Quiet, fragrant, and relieved.

This seems to me a quite perfect poem combining as it does the elusive elements of quietness, fading light, and timelessness, all within the framework of its clean, breathless diction. This is Dickey at his best.

Other poems in Dickey's *Helmets* spring from the land and the animal life on it: hunting scenes, mountain scenes, the sun itself. Then there are the war poems. The title poem in the book is one of these. The poet, having survived the war, drinks water from a helmet and "swayed, as if kissed in the brain." This poem ends the book in a rush of masculinity. As I say, certain poems shine out.

Donald Petersen's *The Spectral Boy* is a very different sort of book from the other two not merely because it is a first book but because of its subject matter, poetic forms, and emphasis on obvious skill. In the first place, a great number of the poems rhyme; this is poet who *believes* in rhyme. Poems should rhyme, he seems to indicate. He is also given to obvious meters. This is a whole poem, "To A Teller":

Nervous and sedulous and always handy,
You curbed temptation with a steady brake;
Had not a boy who stole a piece of candy
Been dredged, still smiling, from a chocolate lake?

This is the opening quatrain of another, "Country Tavern":

It stood beside a river,
Under some willow trees.
A nineteen-thirty flivver
Had sunk by slow degrees

The liabilities of such metrical regularity and rhyme are obvious, their assets less so. Petersen sometimes does turn them to good advantage as in the humorous "The Ballad of Dead Yankees" and particularly in a number of nostalgic, narrative poems-about-my-past. I quote part of one of these, "Going Back":

Elm-shadowed, cool, my fancy likes to browse
Where Mr. Slemmons sang his tenor part
On Sundays in his big green-gabled house
With all his kin, till stricken in the heart
He lost life's tune before the tune went sour.
Now dead ten years, his operatic voice
Seems mingled with the songbirds'. Hour on hour

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I hear them singing as the spectral boys
Steal from the orchard with unblemished pears,
Ambrosial apples, sacrificial plums.
They speak in breathless tones, yet no one cares.
No keeper of the orchard ever comes.

Rather nice if not startling. I think finally I would have to say of Petersen's work that he says the expected thing and all too often in the expected way. His subject matter follows this expectation: nostalgic past, the trip to Europe, politics, spectator sports. But somehow the book holds up as a book. One remembers the curve of his mind, his total effect rather than the single poem or the E. A. Robinson/John Betjeman echoes in his work. And one is left curious to know where Donald Petersen will go from here which, after all, may be the most appropriate reaction to a first book of poems.

O Lysistrata! Lysistrata O!

LYSISTRATA by Aristophanes, translated by Douglass Parker. Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press. $4.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES WITKE of the Classics Department of the University of California (Berkeley).

THE ART OF TRANSLATION is a difficult one. On the one hand, superb fidelity to the philological and intellectual content of one's original results in alienating all of one's readers except the specialist who experiences the pleasure of recognizing the original in its new wraps. On the other hand, a recreation of the text into a new work of art in the language of the translator's audience often results in the entrepreneur's being accused of high-handedness with his original. Perhaps there should be different translations for different audiences. In a society with pluralistic cultures, such a move would be sensible, and to judge from numbers alone, it may be under way. Those war-horses of literature, the classics of Graeco-Roman antiquity, are available in astonishing variety. There are nine paperback translations of the *Aeneid*, for example, and thirteen for Homer. Aristophanes in English has been represented by at least a dozen and a half translations, including some eight of *Lysistrata* alone. Everyone from the college student slaving over the Greek comedian to the patronizers of "subscription only" publications finds his *beaux idéals* somewhere in this aggregation. Why then another translation of a remote text? And what audience can be postulated for this new addition?

The function of comedy in a free society is not easy for a contemporary audience to understand. In the Athens of Aristophanes, the comic poet had a duty to the state. His poetry was expected to be useful. This is not to say that propaganda was art's aim. Rather, the poet of integrity with an ethical position to maintain achieved prominence not because his views coincided with policy of the moment, but because they were the sober views of a responsible and articulate member of the society. Aristophanes was strongly opposed to the war which finally ended in Athens' collapse, and he was not hesitant about making the large issues of war and peace themes in his comedies. Analogies are dangerous, but perhaps useful. It is as if the poets of today, instead of fashioning works about the bankruptcy of individual sorrow, were to make nationalism, commercialism and fuzzy thinking the goals of clarity. Freud has had great effects upon modern literature, but none so far-reaching as making the particularizing interior look the prerequisite for synthetic presentation of a whole, whether individual or state. Greek comedy went about its task differently, because its poet spoke to the state, not about it.

Faced with the labor of translating a text which is not only an aesthetic order of words but a tissue of ethical presumption and teaching, what is the translator to do? If he can translate the verbal net into something which is art in his own language, he is displaying rare skill. He must know his own language at least as well as he knows the original. If he can re-present in modern terms the function of the work he has undertaken, he is a genius. The translator of a text as rich in assumptions and implications as is Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* must decide what it is he is trying to English: words alone or words and the value system that the words reveal and shape. If the latter is of any significance, the art of the translator becomes perilous indeed. He either becomes a forger (a true poet) or a charlatan. T. S. Eliot's use of Euripides in *The Cocktail Party* is an example of dynamic translation not of a text but of what a poet saw in a a text's systems of ethical awarenesses. Parker's *Lysistrata* is an attempt to make modernizing of language carry the load of translation. The relevancy of Aristophanes to the modern American audience would be as well served if the translator had modernized in the direction of modern demotic Greek rather than in a kind of English.

The point about ancient literature is that it isn't like ours at all. Attempts to normalize it are mistaken. No one would want to read a Japanese Noh play which had been made to sound like Mark Twain so that readers would recognize something comfortingly familiar. Yet the temporal remoteness of Greece (and the relative absence of parlor hellenists) makes it possible for an educated scholar and a responsible publisher to render the Laconic dialect of a character as "Hit shore do smell mighty purty!" The result is grotesquely unconvincing and, worse, deflects one's interest from the mat-

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ters at stake in the play. If the translator cannot shoulder his task of translating into a new cultural idiom, he should not destroy the texture of his play, but keep it as he found it. Almost all translators of *Lysistrata* have tried to reproduce the speech of Sparta with Scots dialect, or southern American speech sounds. In the Greek the difference is to be sure readily apparent between Attic and Lacedemonian speech. But the translator who perpetuates this difference in this way forgets that the monuments of Greek poetry which formed the heart of education, particularly Homer, together with the lyricists such as Pindar, abounded in dialectical deviations from any given speech pattern. The audience of Aristophanes put the speech differences into a context which is totally different from our own. By discriminating in word-choice and sentence rhythms, the translator can provide enough ground for an efficient director to distinguish characters verbally. John McCormack could sing Hugo Wolf art songs convincingly, and Hollywood abounds in Egyptian princesses with Hungarian accents. The American cultural (and hence verbal) conglomerate should be relied upon by the translator, not confused.

Greek comedy is fully as hard to translate as is Greek lyric. In *Lysistrata* there is little scope for character development or even delineation. Situation supplements language to the extent that confrontation and juxtaposition are as important as words are for the significance of the play, as distinguished from its text. Lysistrata is no Juliette or Portia; Dogberry has more plausibility in literature than Kinesias. The social and temporal climate of these confrontations and frustrations which constitute *Lysistrata* is a most specific one: Athens a year after the Sicilian expedition. Language alone links the play to other times and other settings. But the language carries less of the load of meaning here than in other comedies of Aristophanes. The text devoid of a resonating environment (the city Athens in 411 B.C., the specific audience in the specific theatre) becomes almost bald. To translate that text is to bring across only a part of that play. A fraction more, varying with the skill of the editor, could be provided by prefatory essays of some length and seriousness of tone which would, with ample notes, seek to re-integrate intellectually the audience and the text. Such a work would not be popular with a far-ranging American public which wants to consume its classics in a self-service or drive-in setting. It is perhaps not without significance that many translations from the classics now display a uniformity of blandness or piquancy which tells less about an ancient world than about our own.

From Gothic to camp

SELECTED WRITINGS by Truman Capote; Introduction by Mark Schorer. New York: Random House. 460 pp. $5.95.

Reviewed by IRVING MALIN, a critic residing in Queens Village, New York.

PERHAPS the best clue to Capote's talent is one line from "Shut a Final Door": "*All our acts are acts of fear.*" In such early stories as "A Tree of Night," "The Headless Hawk," and "Master Misery," he presents characters who are afraid to stare at their furious shadows. Why are they afraid? What causes their exaggerated, childish reactions? We don't know. Capote refuses to analyze his characters – it is hard to call them people – he takes their fear as a psychological *axiom*, not grounding it in classic Freudian theories. In a way this is his most significant insight: he realizes that fear, never completely understood, simply lies within us – waiting, like Henry James' Beast, to spring at our throats.

Of course, we can label Capote "exotic," "infantile," or "primitive." But there is no doubt that he disturbs us. He weakens our daylight control by means of his ability to *image* fear – even to celebrate it. The high point of his Gothic art is probably "The Headless Hawk." Here is one striking passage:

> *Here is a hall without exit, a tunnel without end. Overhead, chandeliers sparkle, and wind-bent candles float on currents of air. Before him is an old man rocking in a rocking chair, an old man with yellow-dyed hair, powdered cheeks, kewpie-doll lips: Vincent recognizes Vincent. Go away, screams Vincent, the young and handsome, but Vincent, the old and horrid, creeps forward on all fours and climbs spiderlike onto his back. Threats, pleas, blows, nothing will dislodge him.*

This passage deliberately distorts reality; it marries the normal and the fantastic. Consider, for example, the use of "kewpie-doll lips" or the "artificial" sparkles of the chandelier. The hero – it is his dream – is as "unnatural" as his surroundings. He, too, is unstable; his identity is not fixed. Vincent is so broken – all his acts remain only *acts* of fear – that he becomes two creatures locked in never-ending, destructive embrace.

It is obvious that we cannot surrender to Capote's fiction unless we "suspend our disbelief." Although we have grown up, we must believe once more in goblins and witches. Such belief is "religious." Capote forces us to recognize the other world – as Vincent recognizes Vincent. We cannot remain here and now; we must go through this "hall without exit." The Gothic supernaturalism is our substitute for traditional religion – our primitive ritual

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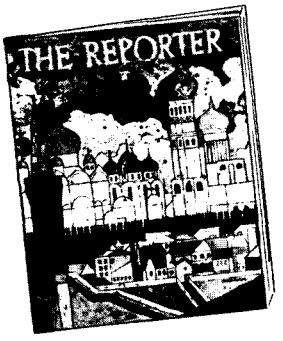

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to ward off fear. It has not been noticed before, but Capote deals often with archetypal situations. "A Tree of Night" has a "false" Lazarus, risen from the dead. "Master Misery" has ironic confessions to a Christ-like figure. These stories may invert Christianity – they are superstitious, pagan, and nihilistic – but they also affirm the *miraculous* danger of life.

After his first two books – *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, and *A Tree of Night* – Capote fled from his true muse. He decided to become cute and glib. (Of course, he displayed these tendencies earlier, but he did not yield to them.) Instead of dark, "headless" truths he gave us sunny reportage. It is certainly surprising that various critics – including Mark Schorer and Alfred Kazin – applauded this transformation. They actually liked *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and *The Muses Are Heard!*

When we reread these works – both are reprinted in this volume – we realize that Capote has joined the yea-sayers. He preaches LOVE. Holly Golightly may inspire others – she is wild and pathetic – but I think she is more artificial than Vincent. She says the *oddest* things and loves funny cats. The charming cast of our *Porgy and Bess* troupe in Russia is also excessively picturesque.

Can we account for the change? If we assume that Capote once believed in fear as the "aboriginal demon" – D. H. Lawrence's phrase – we can surmise that he found he could no longer control it. He ran away, covering his tracks. In *Breakfast at Tiffany's* fear lurks in the background, but it masquerades as superficial *Angst*. The following exchange shows us how far Capote has descended:

> "*You're afraid and you sweat like hell, but you don't know what you're afraid of. Except something bad is going to happen, only you don't know what it is. You've had that feeling?*"
>
> "*Quite often. Some people call it* angst."
>
> "*All right.* Angst. *But what do you do about it?*"
>
> "*Well, a drink helps.*"
>
> "*I've tried that. I've tried aspirin, too. . . . What I've found does the most good is just to get into a taxi and go to Tiffany's. It calms me down right away, the quietness and proud look of it; nothing very bad could happen to you there, not with those kind men in their nice suits, and that lovely smell of silver and alligator wallets.*"

Childish fear has become fashionable alienation. Incomplete exorcisms have become pleasure outings to Tiffany. Capote, in other words, is giving us false religion – one which soothes our souls with glittering generalities. Thus he is "popular" – he can sell this positive stuff to Hollywood.

Or he can write scintillating gossip for *Holiday* and *The New Yorker:* interviews with Marlon Brando – does *he* have a demon? – or travelogues on Ischia or Brooklyn Heights. His gift for dialogue remains; his poetic phrases still have "style." But there is little substance in these essays. Only at rare times does fear enter to save the situation, to reclaim his deep, unwilling involvement. At the end of "A House on the Heights" – even the title is annoying – Capote pictures himself walking past the "turf" of the Cobras:

> *Their eyes, their asleep sick insolent eyes swerved on me as I climbed the street. I crossed to the opposite curb; then* knew, *without needing to verify it, that the Cobras had uncoiled and were sliding toward me, I heard them whistling; and the children hushed, the skip-rope ceased swishing. Someone – a pimpled purple birthmark bandit-masked the lower half of his face – said, "Hey yuh, Whitey, lemmeseeduhcamra." Quicken one's step? Pretend not to hear. But every alternative seemed explosive.*

The passage presents fear again, without explaining it. (Is he courting attack in this scene?) The rhythms quicken; the style moves – perhaps too decorously. But, ironically enough, Capote ends the essay with his safe return to the pretty house. It would be good to see him outside again, pursued by ominous footsteps – like Sylvia in "Master Misery."

The narrator of *Breakfast at Tiffany's* says at one point: "the average personality reshapes frequently, every few years even our bodies undergo a complete overhaul – desirable or not, it is a natural thing that we should change." I hope that Capote returns to his Gothic muse, especially if he can, once again, worship fear in complex and courageous rituals.

A fine Italian hand

THE INCLUSIVE FLAME; Studies in American Poetry by Glauco Cambon. Indiana University Press. $6.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD OHMANN of the English Department of Wesleyan University.

SURELY NO LITERATURE has been more fondled and brooded over than our own, by modern critics bent on extracting from it the national quintessence. Nor is their enterprise an isolated one; they are heirs to a relatively ancient obsession with the idea of America. The idea of America: what a resonance it has had in the halls of our politics, from Jefferson to the sleeziest jingoist. It has intrigued more dispassionate observers, too, the foreign visitors and immigrants who have tried to sum up our national ethos: Tocqueville, Crèvecoeur, Dickens, Mrs. Trollope, Santayana, Lawrence and a steady procession down to Geoffrey Gorer, Simone de Beauvoir, and Dan Jacobson. They

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came, they saw, they wrote about us, almost as if there were a grail as prize for the deepest psychological penetration. And our writers themselves, ever since they discovered in early nineteenth century New York that America was a separate country deserving a distinctive literature, have encouraged the notion that something extraordinary and elusive was afoot in this country, something that challenged the powers of the creative artist, as well as those of the patriot and the analyst. Hence the pursuers of the American epic—Whitman, Longfellow, Hart Crane – and of the Great American Novel – Dreiser, Dos Passos, Wolfe.

To be sure, America *is* (or has been) unprecedentedly new, large, bumptious, democratic, socially mobile, and the rest. And its literature is resolutely odd, in many ways. Small wonder, perhaps, that literary critics and literary historians have tended to read that literature as an offshoot of American cultural history and a key to whatever is peculiar in the national spirit. Yet the phenomenon bears marking, for as far as I know it is almost without parallel in other countries. Nobody writes books about the Englishness of English literature, the special indigenous themes in the English novel, or the local metaphysics of English poetry. On the contrary, critics have been inclined to assimilate English literature and the continental literatures to each other under such rubrics as "the Renaissance," "the Enlightenment," and "romanticism," stressing the similarities and playing down the differences. One must turn to Russia to find anything comparable to our preoccupation with national identity, and even there the concern has never permeated criticism to the same extent.

The critic's quest for America began more or less conventionally, with books that traced the design of literary events back to the movement of our history, books like those of Van Wyck Brooks, V. L. Parrington, Perry Miller, and Maxwell Geismar. Out of this school another one emerged, which focused its scrutiny on submerged assumptions and contradictions of American society and followed them into literature, particularly into the novel. I think of Lionel Trilling's essays about the failure of the American novel to develop a refined sense of social reality based on class, manners, and money, and of Marius Bewley's *The Eccentric Design*, which also finds in our greatest novelists an abandonment of the social base, as well as of sensuous surfaces, in exchange for an abstract passion for metaphysics and moral thought. Recently, though, the questers have thrust well beyond the boundaries of ordinary historical and sociological criticism, into the domain of myth, archetype, and depth psychology. Thus Richard Chase *(The American Novel and Its Tradition)* and Daniel G. Hoffman *(Form and Fable in American Fiction)* have examined the relation of the American novel to myth and folklore, its penchant for the form of romance, its return to primal patterns of experience, its emphasis on disorder and on alienation from traditional social and religious forms. R. W. B. Lewis *(The American Adam)* described "the American myth" of an innocent, Adamic hero, without ancestry and "emancipated from history," starting out afresh to confront experience. Harry Levin *(The Power of Blackness)* documented the preoccupation of Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville with evil and the diabolic. Leslie Fiedler, in *Love and Death in the American Novel*, the holy book of the extremists in the field, sees in our fictional sensibility a rejection not only of society, but of adult sexuality as well, a substitution of death for love, an obsessive guilt over the rape of the land, the Indian, and the Negro, and an attempt at resolution in the basically homosexual romance of the hero and a dark companion. Most recently, Ihab Hassan *(Radical Innocence)* has linked some of these themes to more cosmopolitan artistic motifs, but still found in the contemporary American novel a peculiarly local pattern of inverted initiation and recoil of the anti-hero into self. To such critics, whose like is not to be found outside this country, we owe a considerable measure of self-understanding, as well as insight into our literature. But it should be noted that as criticism moves toward archetypal analysis of the national psyche it moves away from the contours of individual works of art, and the literature itself – as with Fiedler – tends to disappear behind a mask of theory and critical myth. In parts of Glauco Cambon's *The Inclusive Flame; Studies in American Poetry* (published in Italy in 1956), the disappearance is nearly total.

Unsurprisingly, most criticism of this sort has concentrated on fiction, where "the American experience" can most readily be seen taking shape as fable, and where it makes most sense to talk of *the* hero. Cambon – an Italian critic now teaching at Rutgers – has carried the quest for America into poetry, especially lyric poetry, where in the absence of plot and hero the critic's mythic inventiveness is put to the severest challenge. This challenge Cambon meets by supplying a hero of his own—*the* poet, a twilight figure not quite identical with his historical self, whose poems record encounters with existential peril. The locus of the action is, of course, America, conceived as a new land conscious at once of its cultural anomalousness and of transatlantic cultural paradigms. The enemies and barriers that test the hero are space (the frontier, otherness), time (change and death), materialistic civilization, and the disorder and multiformity of experience. The American poet's weapons are his boldness, a traditional bent for experiment and prophecy, and "the word"—the shaping force of poetic language. His goal is "to grasp a totality of experience through poetry," which thus becomes the "inclusive flame" of the book's title.

If these are the terms of the myth, small wonder that Cambon stresses the heroism of the hero, and in a language of crisis. Poe's is "a mind investigating its own frontiers, at the risk of sanity." Melville is "an individualist exploring the frontiers of his culture." Robinson is "a true knight of the Grail," who confronts "in quietly heroic isolation the perilous ordeal of a quest for the ultimate experience." Stevens refracts the "sun of reality" into rainbows, "which he then pursues to the boundaries of the invisible, and in this perilous game he uses for a prism only the word." And a weirdly transformed Emily Dickinson "girds herself like David and flings her stone at the phantom of other-

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ness." Since the other poets in Cambon's Valhalla – such various artists as Whitman, Hart Crane, William Carlos Williams, and Robert Lowell – pass through similar ordeals, the reader is justified in wondering whether Cambon hearkens as much to the poets' voices as to an inner voice of his own. The end of such a critical procedure is the collapsing of all poems into a monopoem, like Joseph Campbell's monomyth. To be sure, Cambon never reaches this nirvana of the intellect (he does preserve individual differences), but at times he comes dangerously close.

Of the acrobatic temerity of his assimilative feats this review can give little notion. But consider by way of example his manipulation of that venerable concept, the frontier, and the associated ideas of the land and the pioneer. Given the play these ideas have had among Americanists, and given their importance in our history, no one will be surprised to find Cambon equating the virgin land with possibility, or holding it accountable for our writers' rejection of the European cultural past and their predilection for "extreme adventures." The concept stretches a bit when it becomes responsible for our poets' "experimental approach to language," or for Poe's literary fantasies. And that the frontier should beget Poe's "theatricality, mannerisms, and grotesquerie," the "abstract, disembodied, Lucifer-like" quality of his imagination, Melville's "symbolic challenge to the cosmos" and "belief in crisis as the basic experience in the human condition," and Whitman's narcissism is some cause for astonishment. In Cambon's accesses of enthusiasm, the frontier can take on a protean variety of meanings; it is "the divide between man and nature, between civilization and barbarism, between innocence and corruption, West and East, life and death." And, most ingeniously, the "blank spaces of the prairie" are equated with "the blank spaces of silence" which Whitman filled with his lines, "as though they were symbolic equivalents of the towns that mushroomed all over the American continent in the wake of the westering settlers."

But in this critical universe anything can become, or stand for, or give rise to, anything else. A poem of Emily Dickinson's (No. 1664) describes an imagined journey: "Three rivers and the Hill are passed,/Two deserts and the sea!" Cambon has it that the lines refer to (or symbolize, or "allude" to, or "adumbrate, prophetically") (1) an endless journey toward the beloved, (2) toward God, (3) "toward the conquest of the challenging Other"; (4) the "transfiguring metamorphosis of our traveler into the bodiless"; (5) "the finite-infinite process of existence toward, through, and beyond consciousness"; (6) "the trajectory of poetry as a consummation of language"; and (7) "the posthumous adventure of Emily's verse into awareness of modern readers." Emily, like Humpty Dumpty, should have paid her words double for doing all that work, and triple at least for meaning number (7). Elsewhere in the book Poe's raven "evokes" the figure of Prometheus. Robinson inhabits a "quasi-Dostoevskian underground" (the New York subway). Melville "ideally" meets Dostoevsky and Kierkegaard at the frontiers of his culture (those writers, incidentally, loom large here, along with Jaspers and Heidegger). The world of Robinson's *Merlin* "might even symbolize" twentieth-century America. The "merely going round" of events – their repetitiveness – in Stevens' *Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction* turns out to be "polemically related" to Yeats' gyres and to the cycle of the *Waste Land*. And, to make an end, the organization of Crane's *The Bridge* is "parallel to" the cosmology of relativity. I quote Cambon's relational terms because they underline the ontological slipperiness of his categories. Are two things which are "polemically" related to each other also just plain related? If so, how? If something "might even symbolize" something else, what standards are proposed for deciding if in fact it *does?* In the end, I confess, I scarcely cared, for rational analysis is nearly rendered futile by the ambiance of metamorphosis and conjecture which pervades the book (and which might even symbolize the decline of the West, for all I know).

Yet the lack of clarity *is* important. For one thing, *The Inclusive Flame* has serious critical points to make. A more scholarly review than this (and perhaps a fairer one) would have to take account of Cambon's tracing of image patterns in *The Bridge;* of his insights into Stevens' phenomenology; of his useful attempt to see Robinson's New England poems and his Arthurian poems as a thematic unity. But these critical excursions suffer from elephantiasis of the fancy, which is in turn a symptom of American culturitis. More important still, Cambon's conclusions about American poetry are at least potentially interesting, but in their present opaque form it is hard to see either how they issue from the poems at hand or how they mark off American poetry from any other poetry: if the phrase "the spatial expansion of consciousness as an imaginative endeavor to include most of available reality in a sphere of co-presence to be ranged at will" means anything at all, isn't it still more applicable to Dante or Joyce than to Crane?

Not this way lies America. The quest is a valid one so long as it honors the integrity of the evidence – as do the Americanists mentioned earlier, and as do parts of *The Inclusive Flame*. But the more orgiastic sections of the book (and they are many) might well serve as a sobering reminder to Americanists, and to writers on other fashionable topics like tragedy and existentialism, that the extreme end of thematic-cultural-metaphysical criticism may be a failure to talk sense, and a vaporizing of individual literary works. In the apposite words of Bishop Butler, "Everything is what it is, and not another thing."

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